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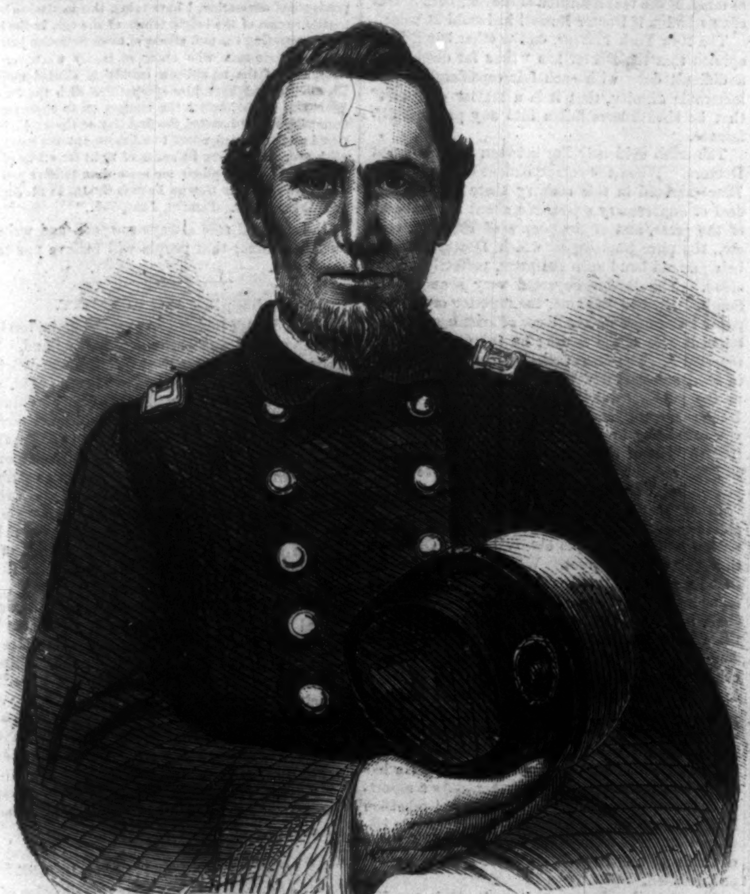
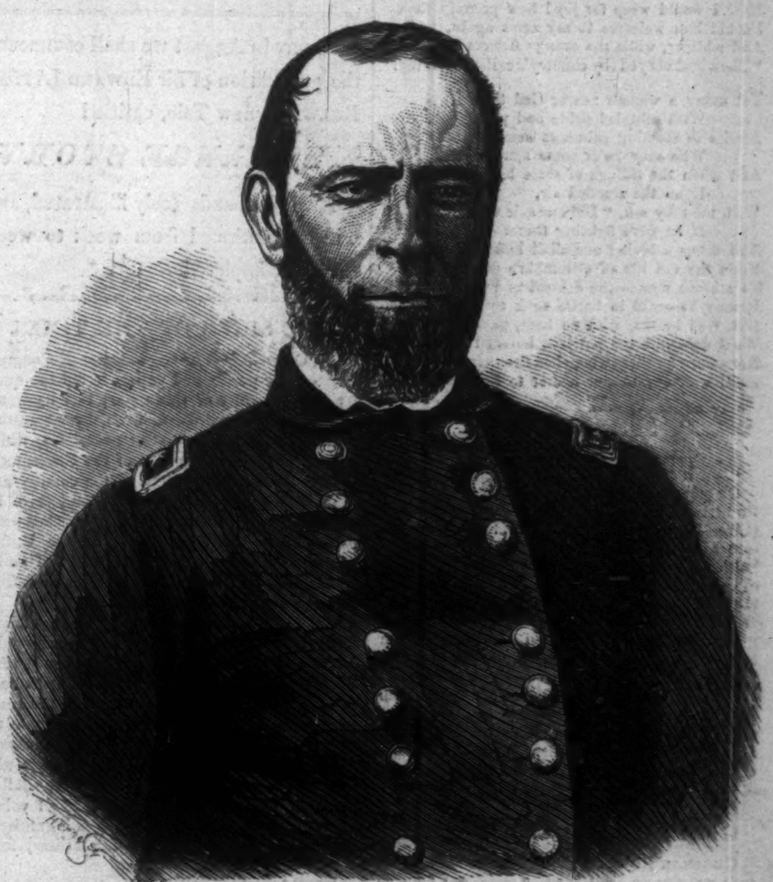
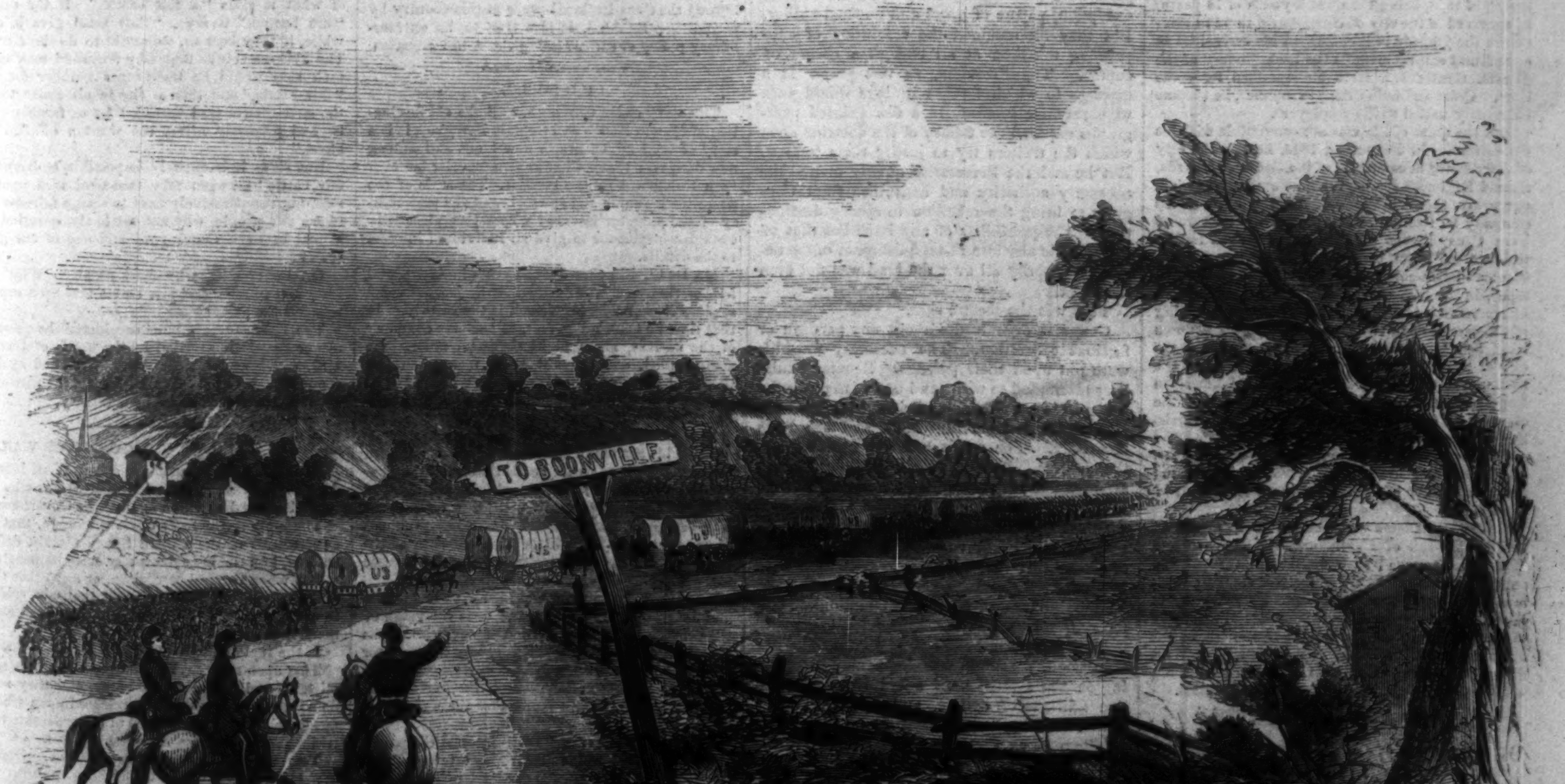


GENERAL PRENTISS.—Photographed by Ames.—[See next Page.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAMS.—From a Photograph.—[See next Page.]



DEPARTURE OF GENERAL LYON AND HIS COMMAND FROM BOONVILLE, MISSOURI, FOR THE ARKANSAS BORDER.—Sketched by O. C. Richardson.—[See next Page.]

MY HERO.

My hero came to say farewell to me:
There was no school-boy burst
Of needless speech from him. He simply said,
"The country's call was first."
I looked from him—so full of life and fire—
Up to the grave, calm face of Washington
Upon the wall above us, and replied,
"Go, fight like him, until your cause be won!"
Oh! he'll be foremost in the ranks, I know,
And yet I could not ask him not to go!
For I would rather yield my life to-day
Than see the dear old Stars and Stripes give way!
My woman heart should teach me how to die.
Shall he—my hero—be less brave than I?

I think sometimes that when the trump of peace
Again our land shall fill,
And treason shall be crushed from out the soil,
He may be living still.
I sit and muse of him hour after hour,
Until I almost fancy I can see
His well-known form and hear his springing step.
Ah! how my heart longs then for victory!
How I would weep for joy! how proudly then
I'd bid him welcome to my arms again,
And whisper, while the orange flowers I'd twine,
"Thou hast obeyed thy country's call—hear mine!"

Yet many a woman nearer God than I,
With mingled pride and pain
Awaits in seeming calmness news of those
Who may ne'er come again;
And when the tidings of some battle ring
Upon the startled air,
With me they ask, "Did our side win?" and then
If he were fighting there.
And many a loving one shall look with dread
Upon the sad list of Columbia's dead,
To see one name—the dearest and the best,
It may be—who in battle sunk to rest.
But, God knows, with no base, unworthy tear
We'll desecrate the patriot's honored bier,
Nor mourn for those who, when from earth they rise,
Shall waft our banner nearer to the skies!

S. J. A.

Weathersfield, Vermont.

GENERAL PRENTISS.

On page 465 we publish a portrait of General Prentiss, Commanding the Illinois Volunteers at Cairo, Illinois. Of General Prentiss's previous career but little is known. He was a very distinguished officer in the Mexican war, having served in Colonel Hardin's regiment, and been present at the battles of General Taylor's campaign. At Buena Vista he was particularly conspicuous for gallantry. When Hardin fell Prentiss was with him, and received from the dying hero his sash, which he still wears. At the outbreak of the present war General Prentiss was one of the first men in Illinois to tender his services to the Government, and he was at once elected to the post of Brigadier-General. His dispositions at Cairo are said to evince equal judgment and vigor.

GEN. EDWARD C. WILLIAMS.

General Edward C. Williams, whose portrait we give on the preceding page, was born on the 10th of February, 1820, in the city of Philadelphia, where he resided until the year 1838. In the spring of 1838, being then but a youth of 18 years, he removed to the city of Harrisburg, there to commence the journey of life. Upon his arrival he at once found employment in the book-bindery of the Messrs. Canteens. Here he remained for some time. Quiet and industrious in manner, he became extremely useful to his employers.

But the quiet of life was not compatible with his disposition. In December, 1846, he left the city of Harrisburg in command of the Cameron Guards, Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, to join our army, then in Mexico. At the head of his company he took an active part in the capture of Vera Cruz, thence through the different battles which took place upon the lines of our veteran Commander-in-chief. Being wounded at Chapultepec, in the hottest of the fight, he did not leave his command, but bravely led them to the taking of the castle, upon the top of which, with his own hand, he hoisted the stars and stripes. Again, at the city of Mexico, his hand was the first to grasp the halliards to which was attached the first American flag that floated over the Mexican capital. At the close of the war he returned to the city of Harrisburg, since which time he has filled different offices of trust with credit to himself and his constituents. At the breaking out of the war we find him among the first to offer his sword for the preservation of our Union.

General Williams was married in the year 1841 to Miss Hetzel, of Harrisburg. Three brothers of this lady served with distinction through the entire Mexican war. A nephew of General Williams, just graduated at the Military Academy at West Point, is now serving his country in the city of Washington, being a second lieutenant in the First Artillery. Another nephew is still at West Point. Since the rebellion General Williams has been constantly engaged with his many duties.

DEPARTURE OF GENERAL LYON FROM BOONVILLE.

On page 465 we illustrate the Departure of General Lyon with his Column from Boonville, Missouri, for the Arkansas Border, near which he expects to capture the runaway Governor Jackson, Ben M'Culloch, and the other secessionist leaders in that region. At Springfield he will join Colonel Siegel's corps and Colonel Brown's command. The correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the preparations for the departure:

> The time, since the battle at this point, has been spent in preparations for a march to the southwestern portion of the State. Not less than three thousand men will leave from here, and as thirty-seven days' rations are to be taken along, it can easily be imagined that the preparations are neither few nor small. About one hundred and fifty wagons are necessary to transport the requisite *matériel*, each of which will be drawn by from two to ten horses or mules. Then a large number of saddle horses is required to carry the higher officers, scouts, etc., making in all a drove of some five or six hundred draught and saddle animals necessary to the starting of our expedition. All these materials, together with forage, haversacks, canteens, and many other articles, have been procured at this point. General Lyon gave out word that he needed a certain number of horses and wagons. If they came in peaceably, good—if not, he would have to send for them. A committee, composed of three officers and two citizens, was appointed to appraise the value of the horses and wagons as they came in, and when purchased were paid for by draft on St. Louis. It was thought best not to hire the conveyances, but to buy them outright—a determination on the part of the Government that met with the entire approbation of owners irrespective of politics.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 27, 1861.

Early in August we shall commence the publication of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's new Tale, entitled

A STRANGE STORY.

It will be handsomely illustrated, and will be continued from week to week till it is completed.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Two weeks before the meeting of Congress sundry people and papers tested the quality of the loyalty of this nation to its government, in other words, to itself, by suggesting either that there ought to be "peace"—by which they meant the destruction of the Government—or that the loyal citizens of the country and the rebels ought to join forces and drive all other nations off the continent. This last proposition that the Government of the United States should give up the suppression of an internal rebellion in order to engage in foreign piracy was singularly sagacious.

All these suggestions ignominiously failed. They failed more ignominiously than any political dodges in our history. They were the feeble efforts of treason to discover if it had any hope in the city of New York. And the result was the making more evident the truth that the eager enthusiasm with which this movement was inaugurated by patriot hearts has settled into a sober, solid resolution that there shall be no parley with rebellion; that it shall voluntarily lay down its arms and surrender entirely, or be compelled to do so by the military force of the nation.

That was the first sign.

Then Congress met, and the Message and reports were published. They were all, without exception, papers of great and unusual ability. But they all assumed the resolution of suppressing rebellion at all cost as a matter of course. The President, as was proper in a message to which foreign nations would turn with peculiar interest, in a few pointed paragraphs exposed the fallacy of the doctrine upon which the traitors try to justify their treason. But he and the Secretaries quietly invited the necessary authority and assistance from Congress to bring the rebellion to speedy destruction. The possibility of any issue but that of the forcible absolute re-establishment of the national authority all over the land was not even hinted at.

That was the second sign.

Congress organized without any partisan or factious opposition. The necessary war-bills were put upon their passage. Senator Saulsbury attempted to withstand one of them in the Senate. He was assisted by two Senators from Missouri, one from Maryland, and one from Kentucky. The rebels had five votes against thirty-three. In the House, Mr. Vallandigham attempted to help rebellion and encourage treason by savagely denouncing the Government which is guilty of the effort of maintaining itself. He had four votes besides his own, one of them being that of the Honorable Benjamin Wood, of New York. The vote against Messrs. Vallandigham and Wood was one hundred and forty-nine, including Mr. Crittenden's.

This is the third sign.

While these things were happening in Washington the Government asked New York for five millions of dollars, and got it in three hours.

These signs show that the people of this country are fully persuaded that as their Government is the best to live under, so it is the best to give life and fortune to maintain, if necessary. If any man wishes to know the difference between the action of a people when they are perfectly united in resolution and when they differ, let him compare the debates and conduct of this Congress, in which every thing moves with majestic harmony, and the discordant action of the Congress of 1812, which prepared for the last war.

☞ The portrait of General Scott, published in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, was from a photograph by Gurney, not Brady. It is considered the finest photograph of the old hero ever taken, and Messrs. Gurney & Son are fairly entitled to the credit of it.

THE LOUNGER.

DIFFERING DOCTORS.

The London *Saturday Review* has an article upon the letters of Dr. Russell to the London *Times*. It thinks that he is not equal to Thucydides. It thinks that he tells much more of what befell himself than of what he saw in the land he described. And it is persuaded that nobody who travels, under the present circumstances of this country, to give accurate information to another country, can possibly acquire that accurate information if he constantly announces his purpose and travels as an "illustrious stranger." The *Saturday Review* is of opinion that the English people would know as much of the real condition of the Southern States of this Union if Doctor Russell had staid at home.

The New York *Tribune*, on the other hand, is of opinion that the Doctor has "thus far discharged a difficult duty with such fair consideration and honorable dignity, that it is a matter of regret" that he should have fallen into any personal difference.

The truth evidently lies between these eminent Doctors. When the correspondent of the London *Times* arrived in this country there was a great deal of unnecessary gasconade about the embassy of the press, and of the people of England, etc., etc., the pure humbug of which Doctor Russell, being an old hand upon the press, perfectly understood. The Doctor departed very soon for the South. Bred in England, the reporter of a newspaper has a taste for the flavor of aristocracy. He found it also at the South; he enjoyed it, and he reported it. The tone of admiration and confidence in his first letters undoubtedly helped the rebellion in the public opinion of England. The worthy Doctor astutely smiled at a Constitution which you could buy in the streets for three cents. Is that the sort of thing to endure? quoth the political philosopher. Three cents! 'Pon mee word, you know, that's a little too jolly, you know.

From this point of view the Doctor has contemplated the movement in this country; and this determines the value of his observations. Of course that value is not great. When the Doctor says that he saw twenty guns in a fort; that the commander gave him ice in his Champagne; and that the wind blew a gale as he sailed, as he sailed; there is no doubt of the guns, the ice, and the wind—not the least. But when he talks of causes and character and influences and opinion—*à la bonne heure*, Doctor. What do you think of the comet?

Whoever has read the previous performances of Doctor Russell knows very well that he is a pictorial narrator. What his eye sees his hand can describe. That is his peculiar excellence. He has given no proof of any thing further. As a reporter of the scope and chances of a political rebellion in America his opinion can be of no possible importance. As a narrator of the events and scenery of that rebellion he is likely to be copious, lively, and detailed.

The *Saturday Review*, true to itself, is too flippantly severe. The *Tribune*, in its unqualified commendation of letters which have undoubtedly injured the Constitutional cause in this country by prejudicing England, is also true to its extraordinary policy of embarrassing the Administration.

DU CHAILLU.

The story of Du Chaillu has all the old fascination of Mungo Park's and Captain Parry's. It is a story of wild adventure in new lands and among new dangers; for no other known traveler has ever been threatened by the gorilla. The style of the narration is simple and spirited, and the personality of the narrator is every where just pleasantly enough conspicuous to give an individual interest to the details.

Mr. Du Chaillu passed eight years in Africa, and half of that time was devoted to the journeys and explorations of which his book is the history. In that time he traveled on foot, in the sole company of the natives, about eight thousand miles. He shot, stuffed, and brought home, more than two thousand birds, of which some sixty are believed to be new species. He killed more than a thousand quadrupeds, stuffing and bringing home two hundred specimens of them, with eighty skeletons.

Upon his arrival in this country, about eighteen months since, the Lounger called attention to these specimens, which were exhibited in Broadway, and excited only a limited interest. The reason of it was, of course, that to most of us new specimens of animals differ very little from old ones of the same general kind; and one museum of natural history is, therefore, very much like another.

In Boston, however, the skilled eyes of Agassiz and Jeffries Wyman certified at once the value of the collection as a contribution of novelties to the stores of specimens; and in England Professor Owen, perhaps the highest authority—certainly one of the highest authorities—in the world of science, made Du Chaillu famous by the warmth of his praise.

The book of the traveler will interest the public at large as much as his discoveries interested men of science. All the boys in the land will pore over it, as we who were boys once used to hang over Captain Riley's Narrative and Denham and Clapperton. And he is a happy author who writes a book that boys love to read, and which charms their parents.

ASKING A FRIEND TO BREAKFAST.

We are certainly not fortunate, at this juncture, in our letter-writers abroad—excepting always the clear, calm, masterly hand of the historian Motley. But the epistolary performances of the worthy Minister to Russia, and the late breakfast invitation of Mr. Tramway Train, must have produced the most ludicrous emotions in the mind of the cool British reader.

We Americans have always laughed with a good deal of impatience at the extravagance of phrase and costume with which the French and Italians adorn their praises of liberty and their republican persons. If they were not so intent upon the color of a ribbon or the form of a hat, we are wont to say, they might secure a little more of the substance of liberty.

As we grow older, we grow more expansive and explosive in our style. "On mighty pens" we soar. At least Mr. Train does in his invitation to a Bunker Hill breakfast in London, which has the true flavor of the exalted French Republican literary style:

> "Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill. Will you come to a Union Déjeûner, at 2 o'clock, on the 17th of June, at the Westminster Palace Hotel?—sixty plates. Sincerely believing that there are many representative men in this garden land of free opinions who bear kind wishes for the continued unity of our people and independence of our nation, I have taken this method to bring together some of the bright minds of the age, in the hope of counteracting the evil effects of those Secession journalists and statesmen who cheer so loudly whenever the 'bursting of the republican bubble' is alluded to. Let Lancashire and Yorkshire sympathize with the Pirates' Rebellion, and stimulate the traitors on to their certain destruction; but London, the first city of the world, is too proud and too independent to misrepresent the great English people by selling its sense of right for a bale of cotton. Nothing will please me more than to have you say 'Yes,' addressed to George Francis Train, 18 St. James's Street, Piccadilly. London, June, 1861."

It is a good rule always to speak and write in such a manner that people will believe you to be in earnest.

BLONDIN AND HUMANITY.

Our Niagara lion of last year, Blondin, has been exciting the utmost attention in England. The nation which cherishes the prize ring was delighted with his feats. The *Saturday Review* ought, consistently, to have waxed rhetorically rapturous over his fulfillment of the true destiny of man, in due continuation of its last year's twaddle about Heenan and Sayers. But the Home Office thought that to wheel his child along the rope was carrying the thing a little too far; and a letter was written to the Directors of the Crystal Palace, suggesting that humanity required them to forbid the risk of human life. Being thus officially notified of the requirements of humanity, the directors interfered, and the child was not exposed.

According to the last accounts, Blondin was to wheel "Tom Sayers" along the rope. What Humanity required in this case the Home Office had apparently not informed any body. Doubtless it considers that Blondin and Sayers have both reached years of discretion, but that the young Blondin had not. Still it would seem to be a fair question at what time years of discretion commenced; and whether a man who would suffer another to wheel him in a barrow upon a tight-rope might not properly be treated as a child, and be protected by the requirements of humanity and the Home Office.

TOSSING UP A COPPER TO DECIDE.

The *Tribune* proposes that the question of free popular government and of progressive human liberty and civilization shall be decided by the chance of what it calls "a fair battle." If the rebels "are beaten," it says, "they must give it up; while, if they beat us, we ought to do the same." The *Tribune* thinks that fifty thousand men upon each side would be the proper number for the "fair battle," and then if the rebels prove to be the stronger (in that battle), "let us frankly own it, and promptly arrest the wanton effusion of blood."

But since it is entirely impossible to have "a fair battle" between fifty thousand men upon a side, but comparatively easy to secure fairness between two people, why not settle the question by a duel between Beauregard and one of our generals?

Or, better still, why fight at all? Why not have Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis toss up a copper to settle the point?

The *Tribune* would have considered the question of our Revolution settled by the battle of Bunker Hill, which we lost; and have inveighed against the wicked inaction of Valley Forge, the gloomiest and most glorious epoch of our history.

WHAT TO DO WITH PRISONERS OF WAR.

The question is constantly asked, What is to be done with citizens of the United States who are taken in armed rebellion against the Government?

The reply seems to be obvious enough, that the Constitution of the United States plainly defines treason, and the laws distinctly state its penalty.

But when General M'Clellan, or any other General, captures six hundred or six thousand soldiers in arms, shall they be tried at a drum-head court-martial and summarily hung?

Is the reply equally obvious?

That upon their saying that there has been some mistake, and they are very sorry, and they won't do so again, they should be released upon what is facetiously called their word of honor, seems to be trifling with the lives of honest citizens.

Yet they can not well be held as prisoners. What, then, ought to be done?

The leaders of such an army, which in the eye of Justice and Liberty is a lawless mob, endangering the peace of the country and the lives of the citizens, ought to be tried, and, upon conviction, hung.

Such a course would be neither vindictive nor sanguinary. It would be exacting the penalty fairly due from the most reckless offenders against the existence of the nation. It would be a wholesome warning to the deluded followers of such men

It would be a solemn vindication of the power of the Government. It would be an earnest to the world that it meant to maintain itself; and to loyal citizens that it meant to restore its authority and protect their rights.

We all owe it to ourselves and to the rebels to show that we mean the supremacy of the Government and the punishment of all who lead the fight against it in the same way that, when the laws are broken by a riot, the Government proceeds against the ringleaders.

If this were a war with a foreign nation, when soldiers were taken prisoners they would be shipped home again and the officers retained upon parole, and exchanged as opportunity offered. But we can not ship our prisoners out of the country; and we certainly do not want to be perpetually fighting the same men. Therefore, to deal with their leaders as they shall be found to merit will dishearten and weaken the men.

RETALIATION.

If the Government punishes traitors—if it hangs pirates, for instance, will not the rebels retaliate?

Very possibly: and what then? Which is best, that every man who takes up a musket or ships upon a privateer to shoot and rob honest American citizens shall know that he does so at his extremest peril, or that it is a game in which if he be caught he will be let go again?

A Government that fears retaliation is not sure of itself. When Washington was personally entreated by André, not to spare his life, but to mitigate his sentence, the Commander-in-Chief was deeply pained by the sad necessity of refusal; but his duty to a people was stronger than his pity for a single man, and he exacted the utmost penalty.

Did he do wrong? Did he not endanger the lives of American prisoners in the enemy's hands? Did he not court retaliation? At this day we all sigh over the tragedy of André—but do we blame Washington? Do we not know that to have done otherwise than he did would have been a betrayal of the cause confided to him? Do we not know, as he did, that sharp severity is often the tenderest mercy?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

A friend at the West writes to know why General Scott, who was a Major-General forty years ago, is supposed to be advanced in rank by the title Lieutenant-General?

A wiser friend in the East replies that the rank of Major-General is one of the regular grades of army promotion; but the Lieutenant-Generalcy is a rank of honor especially created by Act of Congress for General Scott.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IRISH FERTILITY IN EXCUSE MAKING.

An Englishman, traveling in Ireland, remarked to the driver of a coach upon the tremendous length of the Irish miles.

"Confound your Irish miles! Why, there's no end to them!"

"Sure, Sir," said the coachman, "the roads are bad about here, and so we give good measure."

A Pretty Home Truth.—Man may be the Head of the Family; but, far better than that, Woman is the Heart of it.

A shoemaker was taken up for bigamy and brought before the sitting magistrate. "Which wife," asked a bystander, "will he be obliged to take?" Brown, always ready at a joke, replied, "He is a cobbler, and of course must stick to his *last*."

When Louis XIII. passed through the little town of Languedoc, the mayor and the consuls were very much embarrassed about his reception. They consulted a butcher of the place, who was reckoned a very Solomon. The fellow, proud of being sought after, offered his services to introduce them to the king, and performed his duty by saying, "Sire, as I am a butcher by trade, I bring you a few of my beasts." The mayor and the consuls then made a low bow, and the ceremony ended to the general satisfaction of all.

A WONDERFUL MAN.

A Turin letter, describing the new Italian Minister, declares *inter alia*—

"M. Ricasoli never feels fatigue. Four hours' sleep, a piece of bread and butter, and a glass of water, are sufficient to supply his daily wants. He has no court, but he displays a greater haughtiness than Louis the Fourteenth. Rarely is he seen to laugh. He is generous, but is feared. His peasants tremble at his approach, yet he has made them rich and comfortable. Never was a character more strongly marked."

This is quite exact as far as it goes, but it is incomplete. We are glad to be able to finish the description from an equally accurate source:

"For his appearance—M. Ricasoli is seven feet high, but has the delicate feet and hands of a child of four years old. His hair is snow-white, his eyebrows, whiskers, mustache, and beard of the jettiest black.

"For his temperament—it is bilio-sanguineo-lymphatico-nervous. He will weep over the pages of Manzoni, but did not shed a tear when his mother died.

"For his habits—he hates pomp and form, but never goes out without four running footmen, and insists upon being served upon the knee.

"With an annual income equivalent to £10,000 19s. 4*d.* in English money, his personal expenditure amounts to 1½ pauls (8½*d.* English) daily. He is at once silent and loquacious, amiable and sulky, impetuous and cold-blooded, tall and short, young and old—in one word, he is exactly the man whom clever correspondents delight to paint, but whom nobody ever met with."

It will be interesting to lovers to know exactly the difference between a kiss and a treading on the toe—as to the time each demonstration takes, that is to say, in making the lady aware of it. Science has lately decided that the nervous sensation travels one hundred and ninety-five feet in a second, and that a touch on the cheek, therefore, is communicated to the brain one-thirtieth of a second sooner than the pressure on the toe.

A man in Kentucky killed a cow a few days since, in whose stomach was found a large brass pin, a hair pin, and a quantity of hooks and eyes. It is inferred that the old cow swallowed the milk-maid.

"Is this your house and home?" asked a traveler of a farmer as he saw him boarding up a pig-sty. "No," replied the farmer. "I'm only *boarding* here."

"How much can you pay us?—what can you offer in the pound?" demanded the creditors of a bankrupt farmer. "Alas! gentlemen, all I really have is a donkey in the pound," replied the ruined agriculturist.

"I'll let you know when I come again," as the rheumatism said to the leg.

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, doctor, dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. This rumatics is very distressin' indade; when I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toes is swilled as large as a goose hen's eggs, so whin I stand up I fall down immediately."

A man down East has invented yellow spectacles for making lard look like butter. They are a great saving of expense if worn while eating.

An emigrant to Port Natal, writing home to one of his friends, says, "We are getting on finely here, and have already laid the foundation of a larger jail."

An empty bottle must certainly be a very dangerous thing, if we may judge from the fact that many a man has been found dead with one at his side.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

Why is a fool in high station like a man in a balloon?—Because every body appears little to him, and he appears little to every body.

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sur, as you are a man of noledge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

Water isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health, but it is a capital one for drinking your own.

The man who "challenged contradiction" got into an awful fight, and was severely beaten.

A man, whose son ran away for "parts unknown," advertised him in the papers, describing him as "red-haired, blue-eyed, and having a turned-up nose." One evening, while the anxious father was, as usual, inquiring of every one he saw concerning his runaway son, a wag, who was standing by exclaimed,

"I'm positive your son will turn up soon, my man."

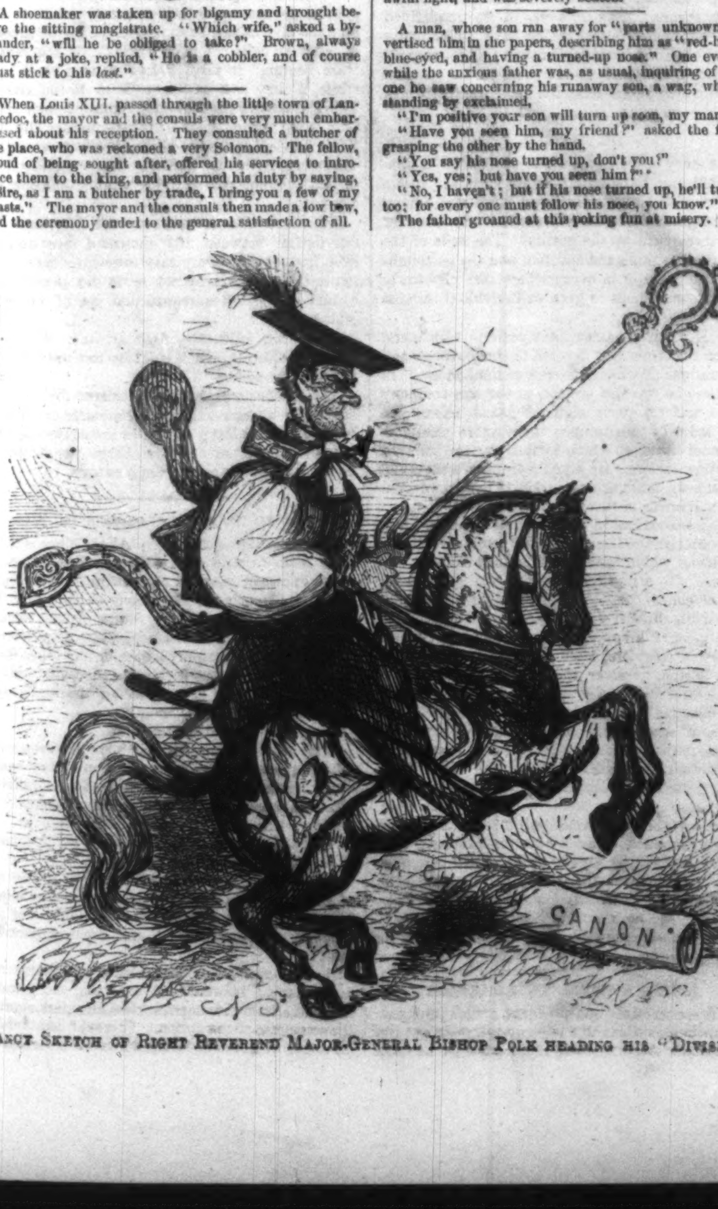
"Have you seen him, my friend?" asked the father, grasping the other by the hand.

"You say his nose turned up, don't you?"

"Yes, yes; but have you seen him?"

"No, I haven't; but if his nose turned up, he'll turn up too; for every one must follow his nose, you know."

The father groaned at this poking fun at misery.



Fancy Sketch of Right Reverend Major-General Bishop Polk heading his "Division."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday 9th, in the Senate, a bill passed to refund and remit duties on fire-arms imported for the use of a State. The bill to increase the army was reported from the Military Committee with an amendment to increase the new regiments to the same number as the old ones. The death of Senator Douglas was announced, and after eulogies upon the character of the deceased by Senators Trumbull, M'Dougal, Collamer, Nesmith, Browning, and Anthony, the customary resolutions were adopted and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill appropriating $6,000,000 for the payment of militia and volunteers was passed. The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill for a national loan. The Committee on Commerce reported a bill closing the ports of entry of seceded States, to collect duties on shipboard, and to seize and confiscate all vessels belonging to rebels. It was ordered to be printed and recommitted. Mr. Lovejoy again brought forward his resolution declaring it to be no part of the duty of the army to capture or return fugitive slaves, and it was adopted by a vote of 92 to 55.

On Wednesday, 10th, in the Senate, much time was occupied in debating a resolution approving of the acts of the Administration with reference to the suppression of the rebellion. An amendment, declaring that nothing shall authorize the permanent increase of the army or navy, was agreed to, and the further discussion of the subject was postponed. A bill authorizing the President to employ volunteers to aid in suppressing the insurrection and protecting property was taken up, and, after some discussion, was passed by a vote of 34 to 4.——In the House, the bill refunding and remitting duties on arms imported by States since the 1st of May, or until January next, was passed by a vote of 135 to 10. The House then, after an hour's debate, passed the bill authorizing a loan of $250,000,000, by a vote of 149 to 5. The bill authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow on the credit of the United States, within twelve months from the passage of the act, a sum not exceeding two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, for which he is authorized to issue certificates of coupon, or registered 7 per cent. stock, or Treasury notes. The House also passed a bill which provides that whenever it shall, in the judgment of the President, by reason of unlawful combinations of persons in opposition to the laws of the United States, become impracticable to execute the revenue laws and collect the duties on imports by the ordinary means, in the ordinary way, at any port of entry in any collection district, he is authorized to cause such duties to be collected at any port of delivery in said district until such obstruction shall cease; and in such case the surveyors at the ports of delivery shall be clothed with all powers and subject to all the obligations of collectors at ports of entry.

On Thursday, 11th, in the Senate, various bills, all having reference to a vigorous prosecution of the war, were presented and referred to the appropriate committees. The Loan Bill was referred to the Committee on Finance. Bills for the employment of volunteers in the navy, to regulate the marine force, to increase the navy in time of war, increasing the number of paymasters in the navy, and in relation to the Naval Academy, were introduced, and all referred to the Naval Committee. The House bill for the payment of the volunteers was amended by making the appropriation five and three-quarters, instead of six millions, and the bill was passed. The resolution offered on Wednesday for the expulsion of the rebellious Senators of the seceded States was called up, and, after some discussion, adopted by a vote of 32 yeas to 10 nays. Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, gave notice of his intention to introduce a resolution for an amendment of the Constitution, with a view to the adjustment of the present difficulties. The Senate took up the resolution approving of the acts of the President, which elicited lengthened remarks from Senators Polk of Missouri, and Powell of Kentucky, in opposition, which were briefly replied to by other Senators, when further action on the resolution was postponed till Friday. The bill for the better organization of the military establishments, with its several amendments, was ordered to be printed. The Senate then held a short executive session, and adjourned.——In the House, bills were reported making additional appropriations for the legislative, executive, judicial, and civil departments of the Government; to promote the efficiency of the army, and for the employment of volunteers, which were referred to the Committee of the Whole and ordered to be printed. In Committee of the Whole, on the Army Bill, for the appropriation of six hundred millions of money and five hundred thousand men to uphold the Government, a warm debate arose, in which several members participated, after which the bill was reported to the House and passed. The Naval Appropriation Bill was also passed, and the House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the bill for the payment of the militia and volunteers.

On Friday, 12th, in the Senate, the Force bill, after considerable discussion, was passed, by 36 yeas to 6 nays. The previous vote on the bill authorizing the employment of volunteers was reconsidered, some amendments made, and the bill again passed—yeas 35, nays 5. A bill was introduced relative to the Sanitary Commission, and referred to the Military Committee. Notice was given of a bill to be introduced authorizing the Federal Government to take possession of personal property in the rebellious States where the owners have been found in rebellion. Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, offered his previously noticed resolution for an amendment to the Constitution, with a view to putting a stop to the present war. It is in substance the Crittenden Compromise of the last Congress. On the presentation of the credentials of Mr. Frederic P. Stanton, appointed by the Governor of Kansas to fill a supposed vacancy from that State, understood to be caused by the appointment of Senator James Lane to a command in the regular army, Senator Lane demurred to being ousted from his Senatorial functions before his military nomination had been confirmed, and the matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Various bills received consideration, all having in view the strengthening of the administrative arm of Government.——In the House, the bill came up authorizing the President to accept the services of five hundred thousand volunteers for the prosecution of the war, and appropriating five hundred millions of dollars to pay for the same, when a spirited discussion took place, participated in by various members. The bill finally passed the House. It has yet to pass the Senate. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, offered a preamble and resolution, declaring vacant the seats of such members as have accepted commands in the militia of their several States, which occasioned a lively passage of words between various representatives, when the matter was tabled by 92 to 51. A resolution was adopted requesting the Attorney-General to lay before the House a copy of his opinion in relation to the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*.

On Saturday, 13th, in the Senate, a bill was introduced providing for an Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, presented the credentials of Messrs. W. B. Wiley and J. S. Carlisle, Senators elect from Virginia, in place of Senators Mason and Hunter respectively. Senator Bayard, of Delaware, moved to refer the credentials to the Judiciary Committee before administering the oath, which was disagreed to by yeas 5, nays 35. The new Senators from Virginia were then sworn in amidst suppressed applause from the spectators. The $250,000,000 Loan Bill was taken up, and several unimportant amendments, proposed by the Finance Committee, were adopted. Senator Saulsbury moved to make the sum $150,000,000, as that amount would be sufficient till the next session of Congress. The motion was rejected—yeas 4, nays 36—and the bill was then temporarily laid aside. The bill to increase the present military establishment was discussed, and reported to the Senate. The Senate, after an executive session, then adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Blair offered a preamble setting forth that John B. Clark, a member of the House from Missouri, held a commission in the rebel State Guard of Missouri, accompanied by a resolution declaring that said Clark has forfeited his rights as a representative, and that he be forthwith expelled. After some debate the resolution was adopted by a vote of 94 to 45. The bill to promote the efficiency of the army, by retiring disabled and infirm officers, was passed. The bill to make good the loss of private property incurred by soldiers in going from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter was passed. The amount involved is $1120. A message was received from the President, stating that he had signed the bill providing for the payment of troops called into service up to 30th of June last.

On Monday, 14th, in the Senate, John W. Forney was elected Secretary; he received 26 of 36 votes cast. The Army Appropriation bill and the bill providing for an increase of the military establishment were passed. The resolution approving of the acts of the President with reference to the suppression of the rebellion was, on motion of Senator Breckinridge, made the special order for 15th, when he said he would make a speech on the position of public affairs. The $250,000,000 Loan Bill was taken up, and several of the Finance Committee's amendments were adopted. A bill providing for the confiscation of the property of rebels was introduced. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House a large amount of business was transacted. A resolution requesting the Secretary of the Navy to supply a sufficient force to suppress rebel privateering was adopted. Ben Wood, of New York, offered a resolution providing for a National Convention, to devise measures for the restoration of peace to the country. It was laid on the table by a vote of 92 to 51. Bills to increase the efficiency of the army were reported and referred. A select committee was ordered on the subject of a general bankrupt law, to report to the next session of Congress. Mr. Vallandigham offered resolutions condemning the President's action in reference to the war, but they were promptly laid on the table. A bill to define and punish conspiracy was passed by a vote of 123 to 7. A resolution was adopted directing the withholding of money due on account of the steamer *Cataline* until the Select Committee on Contracts report thereon. A resolution directing the Committee on Elections to inquire whether Hon. Henry May, a member from Maryland, has been holding criminal intercourse with the rebels, and to report what course should be taken in the premises, was adopted. The Senate's amendments to the Volunteer bill were concurred in, and the House adjourned.

THE BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN.

A brilliant battle, resulting in a complete success, signalized the opening of the campaign of General M'Clellan in Western Virginia. It occurred on Thursday afternoon at Rich Mountain, where a force of 2000 rebels were strongly intrenched under Colonel Pegram. The official dispatch of General M'Clellan to the War Department, dated from Rich Mountain, states that he dispatched Brigadier-General Rosencrans, a young and able West Point officer of engineers, with four regiments of Ohio and Indiana troops, as an advance-body, through the mountains from Roaring Run, a distance of eight miles, over which route they had to cut their way through the woods. After a march of nearly twelve hours, General Rosencrans came on the rear of the rebels, and, after a desperate fight of an hour and a half, completely routed them, driving them in the utmost disorder into the woods, and capturing all their guns, wagons, and camp equipage, or, as General M'Clellan says, "all they had." They also took several prisoners, many officers among them. Sixty of the rebels were killed, and a large number wounded. Of the Union troops twenty were killed and forty wounded. General M'Clellan had his guns mounted to command the rebel's position, but he found that the gallantry of Rosencrans spared him the trouble of going into action.

SURRENDER OF PEGRAM.

A dispatch was received at Washington from General M'Clellan a few hours after the receipt of the news of the above battle, containing intelligence of the proposal of Colonel Pegram to surrender his whole force, who are represented as being quite penitent, and resolved never to serve again against the Federal Government. The following is General M'Clellan's dispatch:

"Head-Quarters, Beverly, Va., July 13, 1861.

"*Colonel E. D. Townsend, Washington, D. C.:*

"I have received from Colonel Pegram propositions for his surrender, with his officers and the remnant of his command, say 600 men. They are said to be extremely penitent, and determined never again to take up arms against the General Government. I shall have near 900 or 1000 prisoners to take care of when Colonel Pegram comes in. The latest accounts make the loss of the rebels in killed some 150.

G. B. M'Clellan,
"Major-General Department of Ohio."

ROUT OF GARNETT'S CORPS D'ARMEE.

The rebel forces, under General Robert S. Garnett, a native of Virginia, and formerly a Major in the United States Army, while retreating from Laurel Hill to St. George, were overtaken on Sunday by General Morris, with the Fourteenth Ohio and the Seventh and Ninth Indiana regiments. When within eight miles of St. George, at a place called Carrick's Ford, the rebels made a stand, a brisk fight ensued, and they were completely routed and scattered by the troops of General Morris. While General Garnett was attempting to rally his men he was struck through the spine with a rifle ball, and fell dead on the road. Two hundred of the rebels are said to have been killed in the recent actions in this quarter, a large number wounded, and more prisoners secured than their captors can take care of. The flight of the rebels is represented as a most disastrous rout.

THE PRIVATEER "JEFF DAVIS."

This city was startled last week by the news that a Southern privateer has been making sad havoc among our merchant ships in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras. The audacious vessel sails under the name of the *Jeff Davis*, and is heavily armed, and commanded by an ex-officer of the United States Navy. She succeeded in capturing five vessels—one ship, two brigs, and two schooners—and sending them with prize crews toward some Southern port. Captain Howard, of the United States Navy, despatched three revenue cutters from this port in search of the privateer, and two other cutters started from Boston on the same errand. The gun-boat *Iroquois* also left in pursuit.

THE PRIVATEER "SUMTER."

Information reached us last week of the seizure of eight more vessels, bound for American ports, by the privateer *Sumter*, off the southern coast of Cuba, seven of which were run into the port of Cienfuegos, and one burned off the Isle of Pines. The *Sumter* was formerly the *Marquis de la Habana*, one of Miramon's Mexican steamers, which was seized by the United States squadron at the time of his bombardment of Vera Cruz. We published a portrait of her a few weeks since.

A NEW GOVERNOR TO BE CHOSEN IN MISSOURI.

The political and financial condition of Missouri is so desperate that a call for a Convention has been issued, to meet in Jefferson City on the 22d of this month, for the purpose of nominating a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor and other State officers, in place of Governor Jackson, who is a fugitive, and the others who are not willing to act under the laws and Constitution of the United States. It is thought that a full Provisional Government of loyal men will be appointed by this Convention, to act in the present crisis.

PERSONAL.

Major-General Polk, *alias* Bishop Leonidas Polk, of Louisiana, who has superseded General Pillow, is to have command of all the rebel land and water defenses of the Mississippi River from the mouth of the Red River as far up as the Union forces will permit him to come. What is to be done with Pillow does not yet appear.

FOREIGN NEWS.

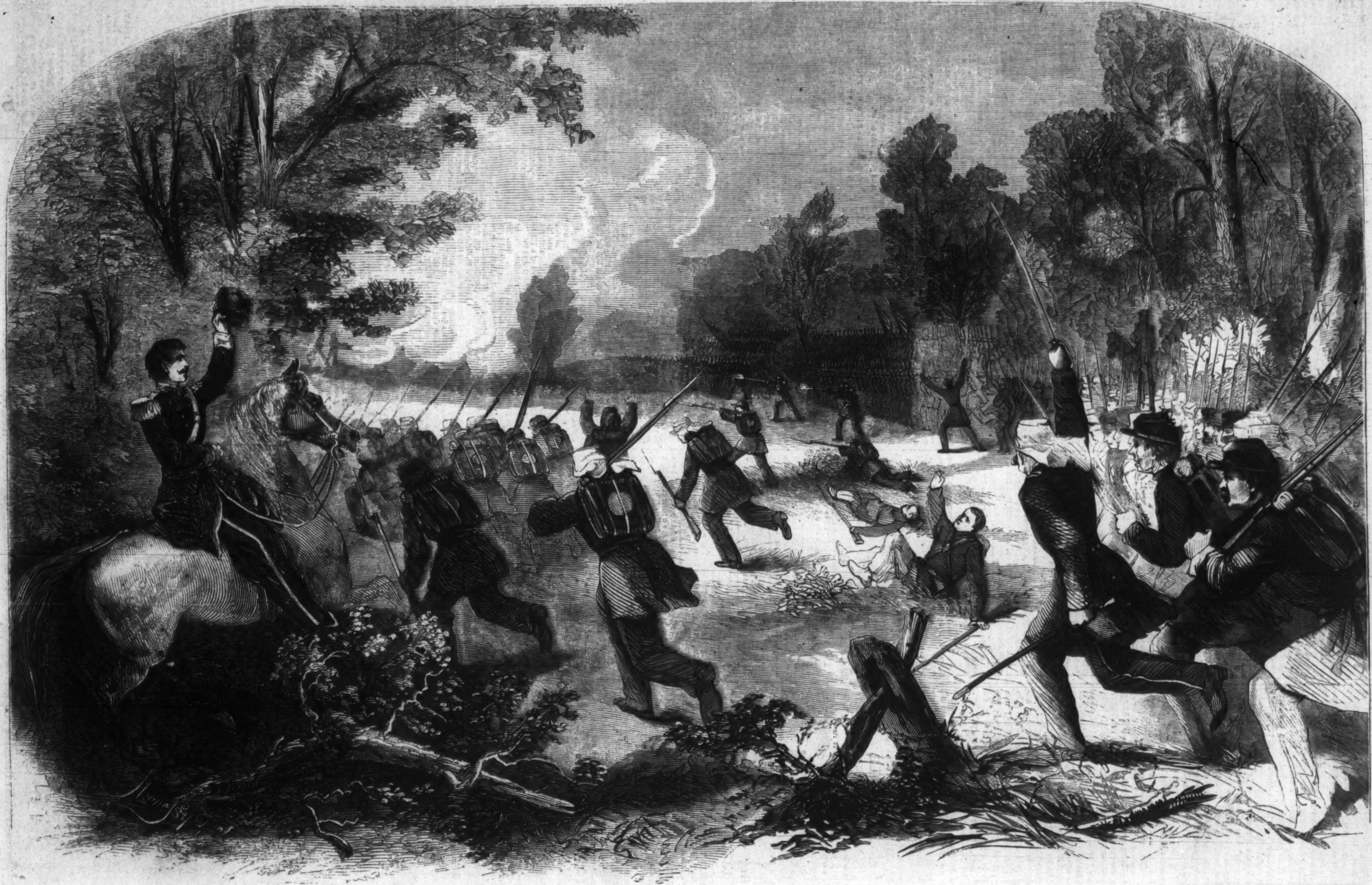
FRANCE.

RECOGNITION OF THE KING OF ITALY.

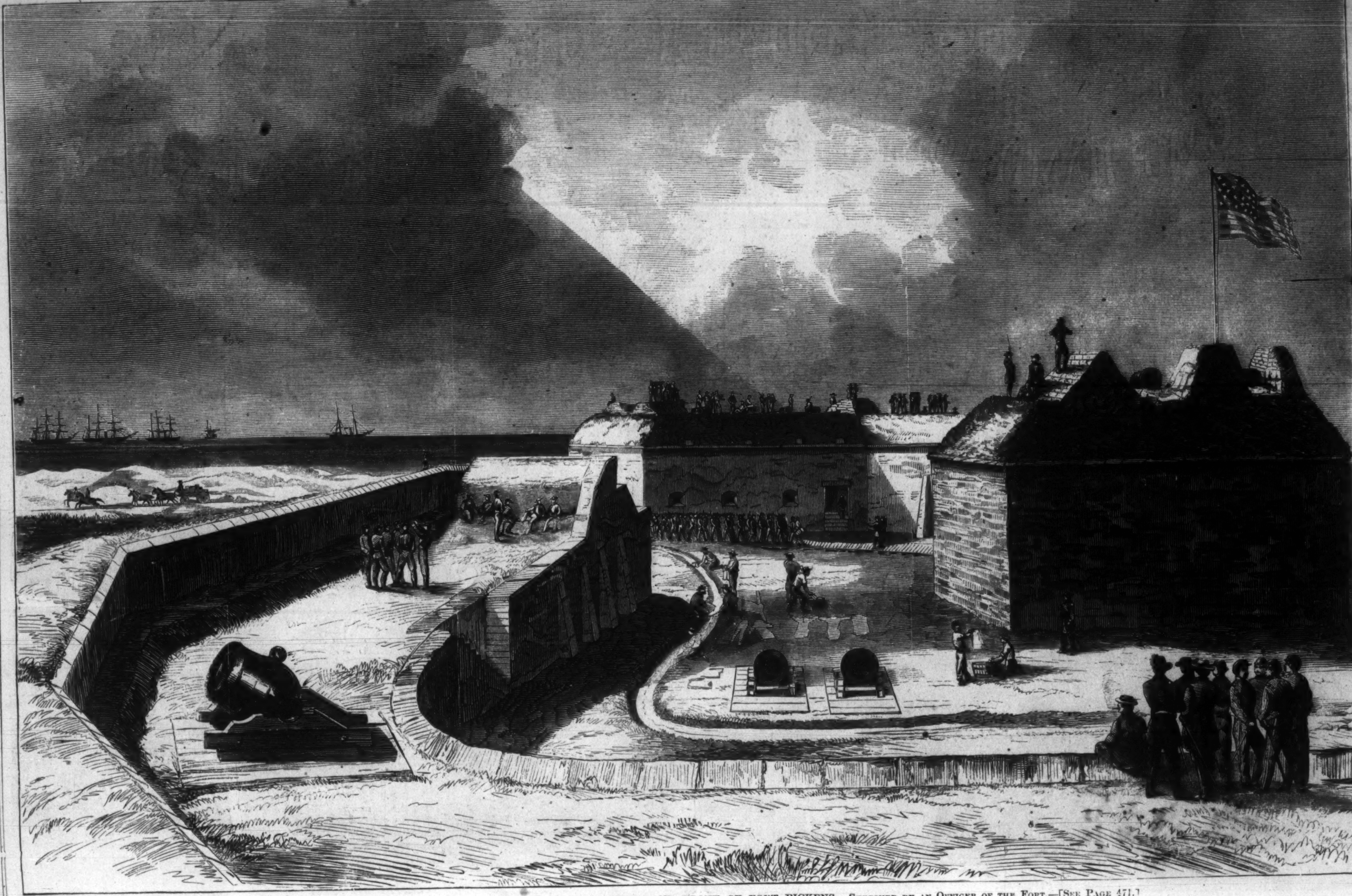
Napoleon's note of recognition to Victor Emanuel as King of Italy had been published. He does not in it approve of the past policy of the Cabinet of Turin, will not recognize acts of aggression which threaten the peace of Europe, and will retain his troops in Rome "so long as the interests which took them to Rome are not guaranteed."

JUDGMENT IN THE PATTERSON CASE.

The Imperial Court of Paris delivered judgment on the 1st of July in the Patterson-Bonaparte case. The Court, assenting to the argument of the Procureur-General, declared that the suit instituted by Madame Patterson and her son Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte was not maintainable, and condemned them to pay the costs.

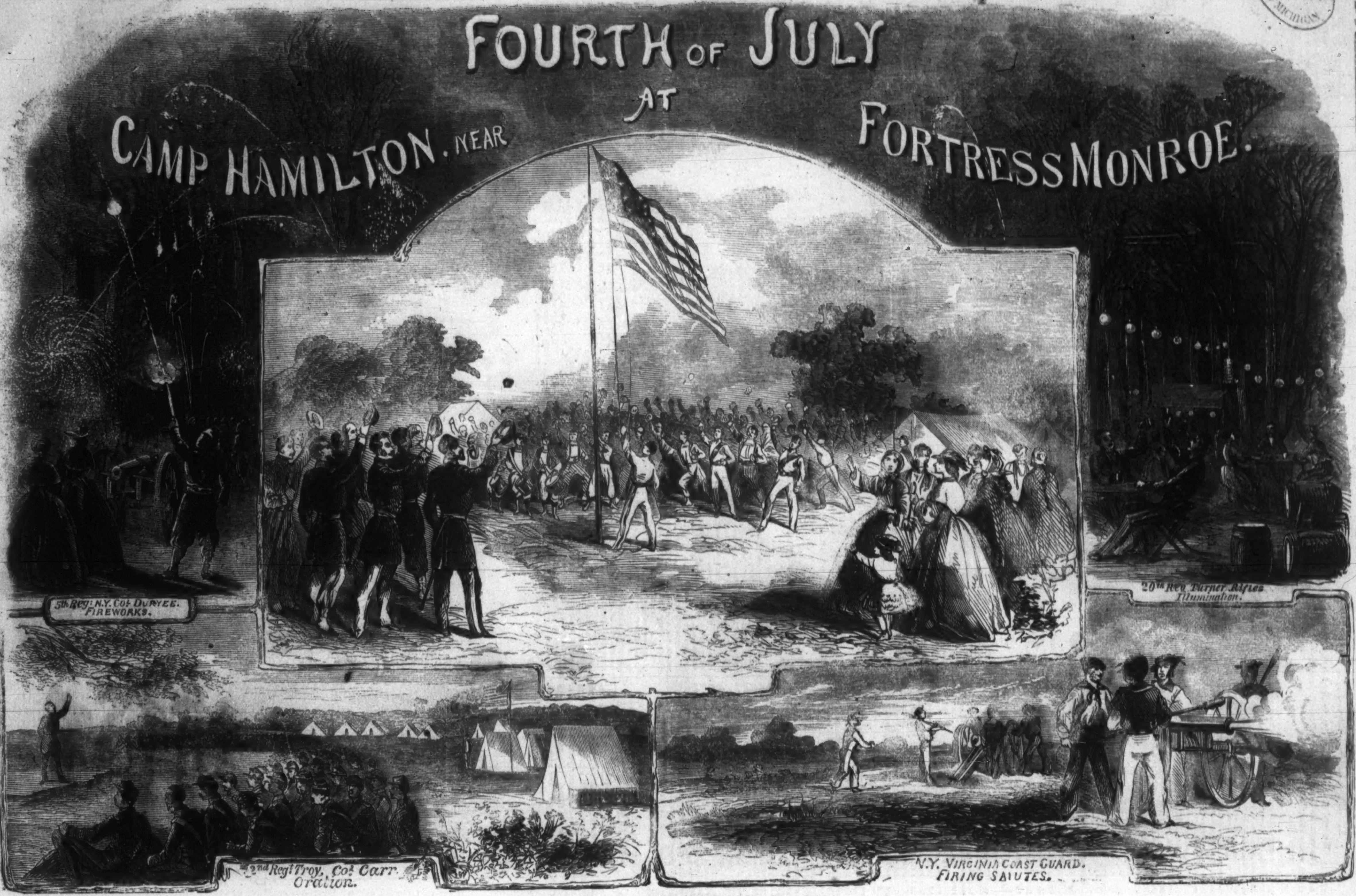


THE BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, VIRGINIA, JULY 13, 1861.



WILSON'S ZOUAVES IN THE DITCH AND COVERED WAY ON THE LAND FRONT OF FORT PICKENS.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORT.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN


FOURTH OF JULY
AT
CAMP HAMILTON, NEAR
FORTRESS MONROE.
5th Regt N.Y. Col. Duryee. FIREWORKS.
20th Regt Turner Rifles Illumination.
2nd Regt Troy, Col. Carr. Oration.
N.Y. Virginia Coast Guard. Firing Salutes.

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[See Page 471.]

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

We publish on this page an engraving of the **Infernal Machine** lately discovered by the *Pawnee*. The correspondent who kindly sent us the sketch writes us as follows about it:

Washington, D. C., *July* 10, 1861.

The *Pawnee*, by the activity with which she has carried on the blockade of Virginia, and by the precision with which she has, on more than one occasion, thrown her nine-inch shell among the rebels, has given the secessionists a strong desire to cause her destruction. Feeling unable to subdue her by the rules of regular warfare, they resort to the Chinese expedient of torpedoes and infernal machines. The accompanying drawing is a correct representation of one of these instruments of destruction picked up in the Potomac, a few hundred yards from the *Pawnee*, on the evening of Sunday, 7th inst.

In the casks used for floating the iron cylinders were placed platforms on which were coiled the slow-matches for communicating fire to the fusees. The fusees connect with the cylinders, which are filled with powder. Had this machine drifted, as was intended, athwart the bows of the *Pawnee*, and there exploded, its destructive effects would indeed have been great. Jerome.

THE BATTLE AT HOKE'S RUN.

Our artist with General Williams's brigade has sent us a sketch, from which we publish, on page 475, an engraving of the **Wisconsin Regiment deploying as Skirmishers at the Battle of Hoke's Run**, on the march of Patterson's Division from Williamsport to Martinsburg. A correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the affair:

As soon as the advance reached the brow of the hill, opposite Williamsport, the Wisconsin regiment deployed as skirmishers two or three companies, the Philadelphia Independent Rangers still leading. These were supported by the Eleventh Pennsylvania. In this order of march the advance continued slowly along the direct road to Martinsburg. They passed Falling Waters without more than occasionally seeing a rebel trooper at a most respectable distance. They had almost begun to despair of finding a foe. About two miles from Falling Waters they almost stumbled upon him concealed in a farm-house or barn, behind a stone fence, in a grain field. With this advantage of concealment and position the latter opened. Our troops, raw and green, never having been under fire before, did not hesitate a moment. They at once returned the fire and the skirmish grew brisk.

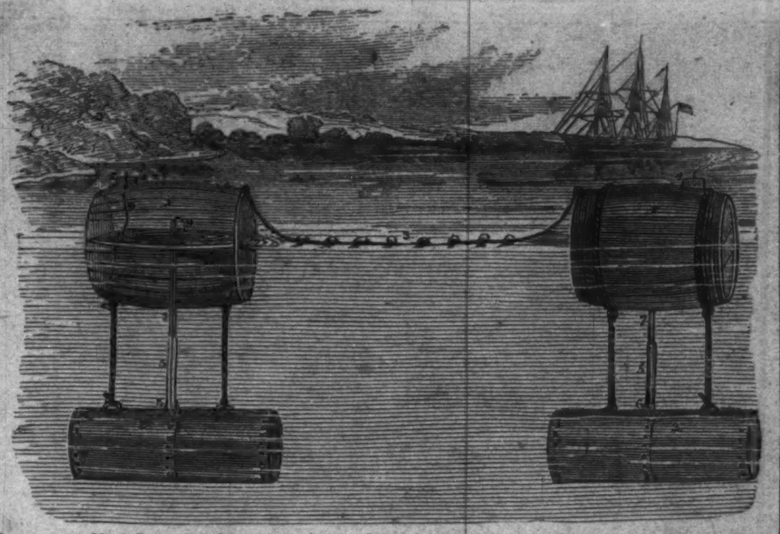
The first skirmish must have lasted a full half hour between the infantry and riflemen of both sides. Neither party showed any disposition to give way. In the mean time M'Mullin's Rangers, the whole Wisconsin, and the left wing of the Eleventh Pennsylvania, became involved. The right wing of the Eleventh was moved forward rapidly to outflank the rebels.

While these movements were rapidly progressing, a section of Captain Perkins's flying battery was pushed forward and opened upon the enemy, who by this time had brought into action two full regiments and the right wing of a third. The round shot told beautifully upon them, but when the shell began to burst among them, their Virginia "chivalry" departed. They seemed to have forgotten that "the illustrious blood of the cavaliers flowed in their veins." They didn't stand shot as well as their forefathers stood it—Marston Moor and Naseby—and they ran with higher speed.

They brought forward a cannon and attempted to reply to Perkins's two guns, but the order was given to our troops and about to be executed, to charge bayonets in double-quick time to carry the piece, when the piece was withdrawn. I do not think it fired but a few shots in reply. The skirmish was continued over a space of two miles, when the enemy retreated with singular facility.

CAMP-LIFE WITH GENERAL WILLIAMS'S BRIGADE.

Our special artist with General Williams's brigade has sent us the sketches which we reproduce on page 474, and which will enable our readers to understand the published descriptions of the movements of that gallant corps. The pictures need no letter-press description. We may observe, however, that the members of the **Council of War** which is illustrated were Generals Williams, Cadwallader, Keim, Nagle, Wynkoop, and Colonels Thomas and Longnecker. It was at this council that the plan of the movement was determined. **M'Mullin's Rangers** crossed the river at 2.30 A.M., and attacked the enemy's picket, which gave way at once. The head-quarters of General Cadwallader were a **rather picturesque log-house**.



References.—No. 1. Large oil-casks, serving as buoys.—2. Iron boiler or bomb, 4 feet 6 inches long, 18 inches in diameter.—3. Rope 3 inches, with large pieces of cork at a distance of every 2 feet.—4. Box on top of cask, with fusee.—5. Gutta-percha tube fitting in to copper pipe.—6. Brass tap on bomb.—7. Copper tube running through cask.—8. Wooden platform in centre of casks, in which fusee was coiled and secured.—9. Fusee.

INFERNAL MACHINE PICKED UP ON THE POTOMAC BY THE U. S. STEAMER "PAWNEE."

WILSON'S ZOUAVES AT FORT PICKENS.

We publish on page 469, from a sketch by an officer of the garrison, a picture of the **Ditch and Rampart at Fort Pickens**, with some of Wilson's Zouaves strolling about. A letter from the Fort, of recent date, thus describes the state of affairs there:

There are now in Fort Pickens some 1500 regular United States troops, which, together with our regiment, will make about 2400. These will be increased by the arrival from New York of additional volunteers, swelling our army to between 5000 and 6000 men. Our regiment will not take quarters in the fort but will camp outside, and engage themselves in the erection of batteries, which, when completed, will pay especial attention to the Pensacola Navy-yard. When the troops I have just alluded to have arrived, and sufficient execution been done by the batteries to the Navy-yard, the fleet will open on it in one direction while the troops will attack it in another by escalade, and attempt to carry it at the point of the bayonet. General Bragg is now in Pensacola at the head of 7000 or 8000 men. Fortunately the walls of the Navy-yard are of no great height or thickness, and those who understand these matters give it as their opinion that there will be but two or three volleys, a general rush, a close hand to hand combat, in which the bayonet, sabre, and but-end of the musket will be the most conspicuous weapons, and in a short time the affair will be settled. Should it come to this it will be both desperate and bloody. We have been selected to lead the van. The remainder of the volunteers will follow next, and then the regulars. The boys seem to enjoy it mightily. That this regiment possesses the raw material for fighting there can exist no question, but they will be more effective after they shall have had more discipline.

THE LOUISIANA ZOUAVE PRISONERS.

We publish on this page a group of the **Louisiana Zouave Prisoners**, now in the hands of our troops at Fortress Monroe. Two of them, who claimed to be deserters, gave the following account of themselves to the correspondent of the *Herald*:

The elder of the two, Franz Minute, is thirty years of age, and was born in Bavaria. He arrived in this country about a year since, landing at New Orleans, where he has since lived, working his way as a shoemaker. He was taken off by force on the evening of the 16th of last April, while returning home, having visited some friends. His brother, on hearing of his impressment, offered $200 for his release, but to no purpose, and he left the city of New Orleans on the 18th, forced into the army of the rebels. The other, John Atzrodt, is twenty-four years of age, and was born in the province of Saxony; has lived in this country but two years, and speaks a little English. He landed in New Orleans, and thence went to Quincy, Illinois, where he gained his livelihood as a journeyman printer in the office of the *Illinois Courier*. A short time before the Presidential election he went to St. Louis, and was employed on the St. Louis *Democrat*. In December he started for New Orleans, and until his impressment, on the 18th of April, he worked on the *Louisiana Deutches Zeitung*. They are both intelligent men.

The First Louisiana Zouaves (of which they were members) number four hundred men. They have a coarse Zouave uniform, and carry the old style of musket. In lieu of food, which they had not tasted for twenty-four hours, they were supplied with twenty rounds of ball cartridges.

After these two men left New Orleans on the 18th of April last, they went by boat to Hall's Landing (eleven miles from Mobile), and thence started for Pensacola on foot, a distance of sixty miles, which they accomplished in three days. Their regiment is composed of more than one-half Germans and poor Frenchmen. From thence they went to Montgomery, where they staid but two days, when they proceeded to a place called West Point, then to Atlanta, and finally reached Augusta, in Georgia. While in Augusta a poor soldier was villainously sacrificed by a wretch named M'Neil, who held the position of second lieutenant. The company had halted, when he started a few feds to buy some tobacco, and, without any warning, was shot dead on the spot. No excuse was given for this wanton cruelty. They then proceeded on their way to Richmond. Soon after leaving Augusta they lost one man, who was accidentally shot in the right foot. He died from the want of proper surgical attendance. They arrived in Richmond about the 2d of June, and remained there, at Camp Benjamin, near Howard's Grove, until the 10th inst., when they left in a steamboat, and were landed about eleven miles from Yorktown, which they reached by a forced march the same evening.

They were at first mistaken by Colonel Hawkins's Zouaves, they thinking they belonged to their own corps. The uniform is that of the French Zouaves—very full pants, tied about the ankle, and made of very coarse and heavy material.

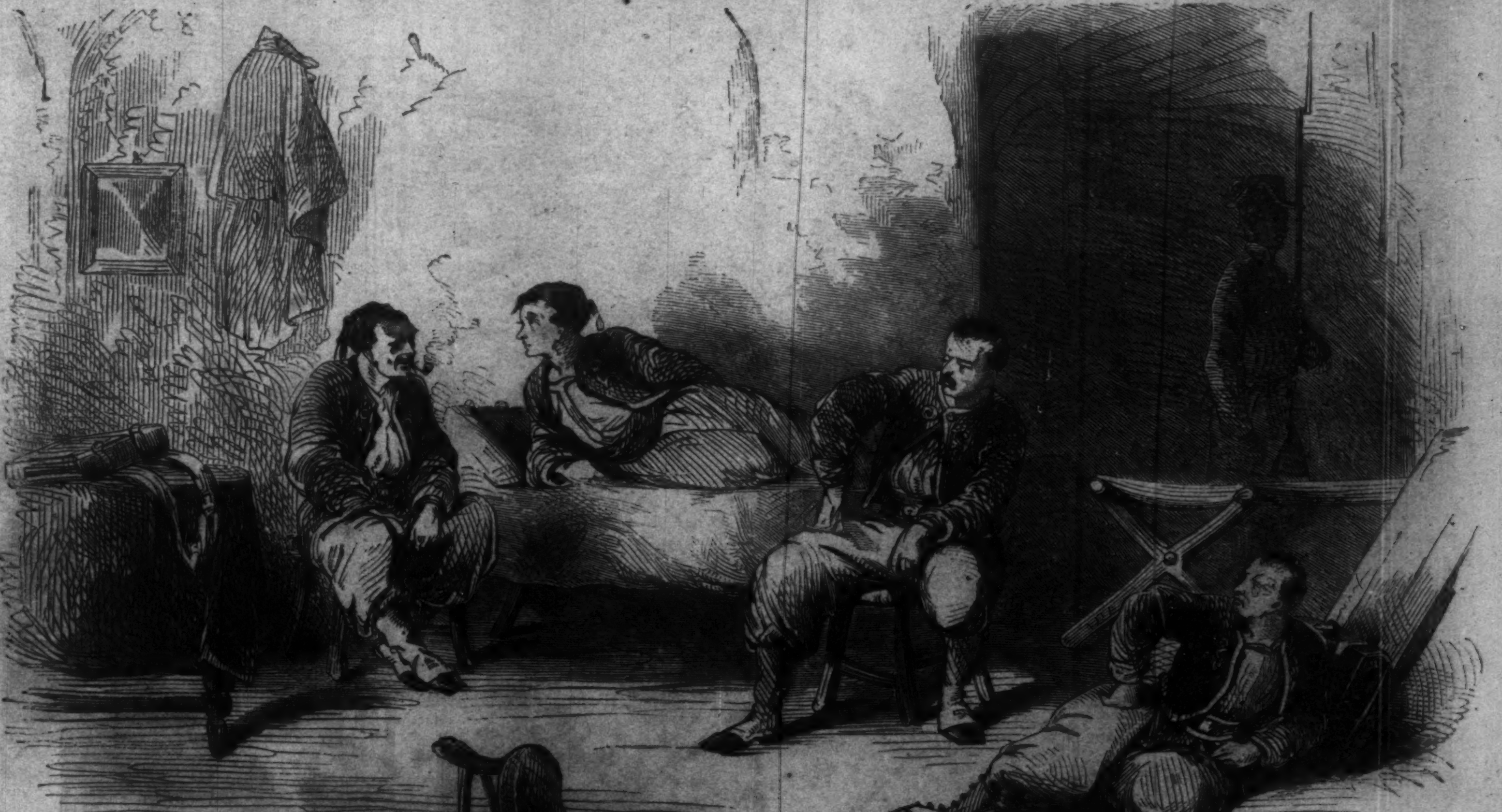
THE FOURTH AT FORTRESS MONROE.

We devote page 470 to illustrations of the **Glorious Fourth at Fortress Monroe**, from sketches by our special artist with General Butler's command. A correspondent of the *Times* describes the celebration as follows:

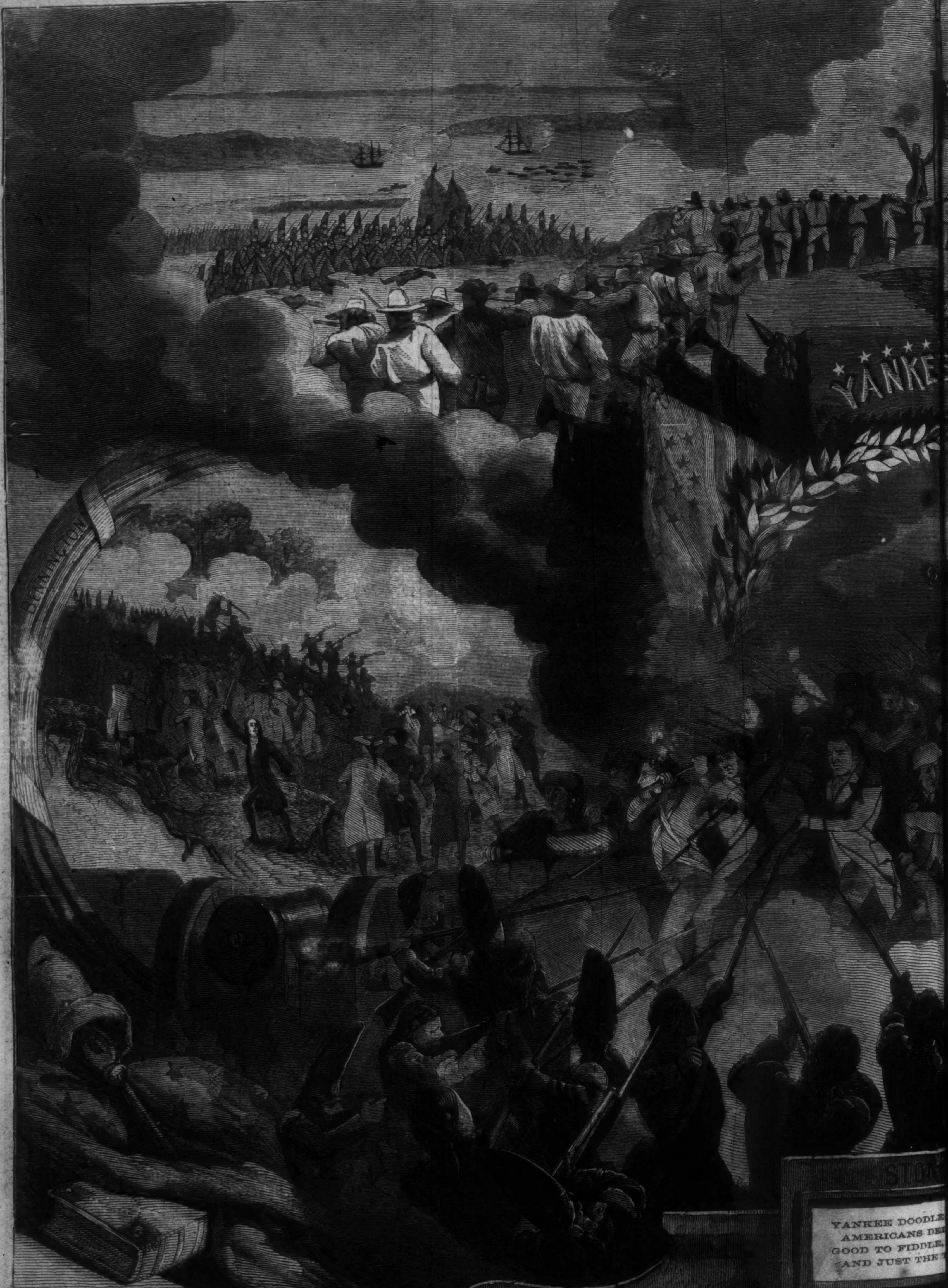
Virginia never before saw such a celebration of the nation's natal day as that which the "Red-legged Devils" had yesterday. On the Fourth, the Fifth Regiment was doing duty as a picket-guard, watching the approaches to the camp while their comrades within were making merry. Their own celebration was, therefore, deferred to the fifth. In the afternoon the New York Brigade, which is again under the command of Acting Brigadier-General Duryee, General Pierce having been assigned to the command of the Massachusetts troops, was reviewed by General Butler and staff. It was nightfall when the regiment returned to its quarters, and immediately after the men were dismissed the illumination of the company streets began. In each of these there are rows of transplanted trees, brought from an adjacent thicket. Among the branches candles were placed, and in various parts of the camp huge fires were kindled, around which the "Red Devils" danced and sung like so many imps in Hades. Meantime, in front of the color-line all manner of fire-works were blazing and whirling, and ascending and bursting, and in the red, white, and blue light the Zouaves, in picturesque costumes and postures, were studies for a painter. It was a scene to remember, and tell one's grandchildren of when we take them on our knees, next century, and fight the battles of the present o'er again. Tattoo was postponed for one hour that the men might more fully enjoy it.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

A grand concert had been projected by the Twentieth Regiment for the evening; but unexpected orders to parade in the fortress before General Butler, in the morning, disconcerted the general plan, and it was thought by the Colonel that no entertainment would be offered in the evening. But Captain Myers, of Company A, was not satisfied with this, and they determined to take hold of it alone. They gathered a large quantity of evergreens, and planted them on Broadway, the main street in camp, so thickly that it resembled in the dusk of evening a small forest. In the absence of candles or other lights they placed oyster and clam shells in all parts of the trees, and with oil and wick they speedily improvised brilliant lights, that shed a flood of light upon the grounds. At eight o'clock the bugle gave the signal for the commencement of the concert, and speedily the benches about the musicians' stand were occupied by the officers and wives and invited guests, while the soldiers standing ranged themselves in front. The scene was most beautiful and picturesque. Hundreds of tiny lights gleamed among the dark branches of the evergreens, and partially lit up the forms of the soldiers in their gray uniforms as they were gracefully grouped about. The best of decorum was preserved at all times. The Germania Band, Herr Steigler leader, favored the assemblage with fine selections from operas and the German composers, most creditably and excellently executed. At intervals a glee club, made up of members from the singing bands of New York, sang some choice glees, under the leadership of Lieutenant Bennecker, of Company F, and Sergeant Prieth played several pieces in excellent style upon an accordeon. A large quantity of lager bier was rationally discussed by the company, and at ten o'clock the concert was closed by the sound of the drummer's tattoo. The affair was a grand success, and every one expressed his delight with the music. An equally pleasant concert was given the previous night by Captain Brackling, of Company B, the only company from Newark, and the affair passed off most agreeably. The Germans certainly know how to enjoy themselves under all circumstances, and their mode of enjoyment gives pleasure and a relief from the monotony of camp life to others who do not know how to discover the bright side of the picture. The health of Colonel Weber's regiment is most excellent.



LOUISIANA ZOUAVE PRISONERS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE AT FORTRESS MONROE.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]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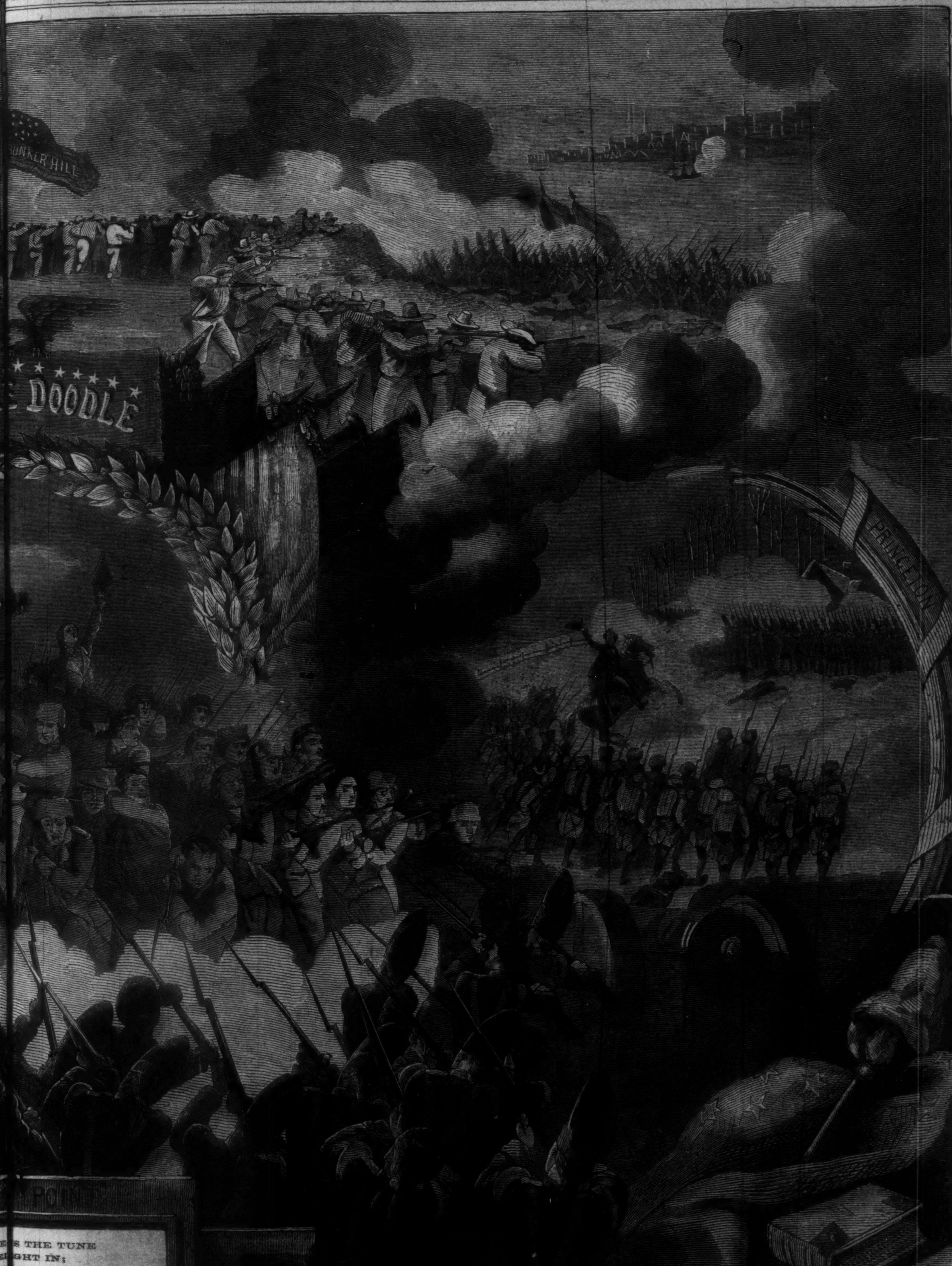
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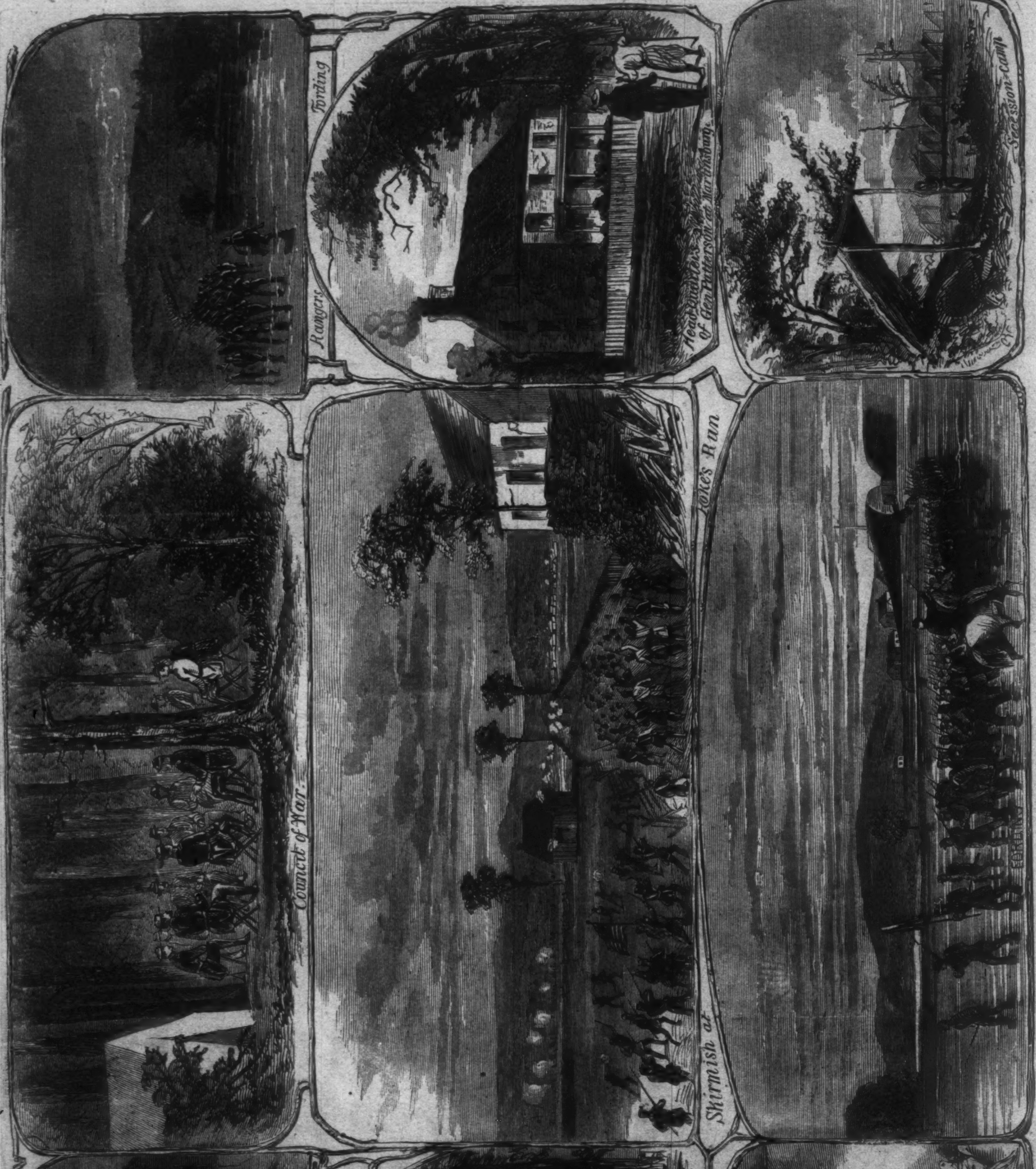
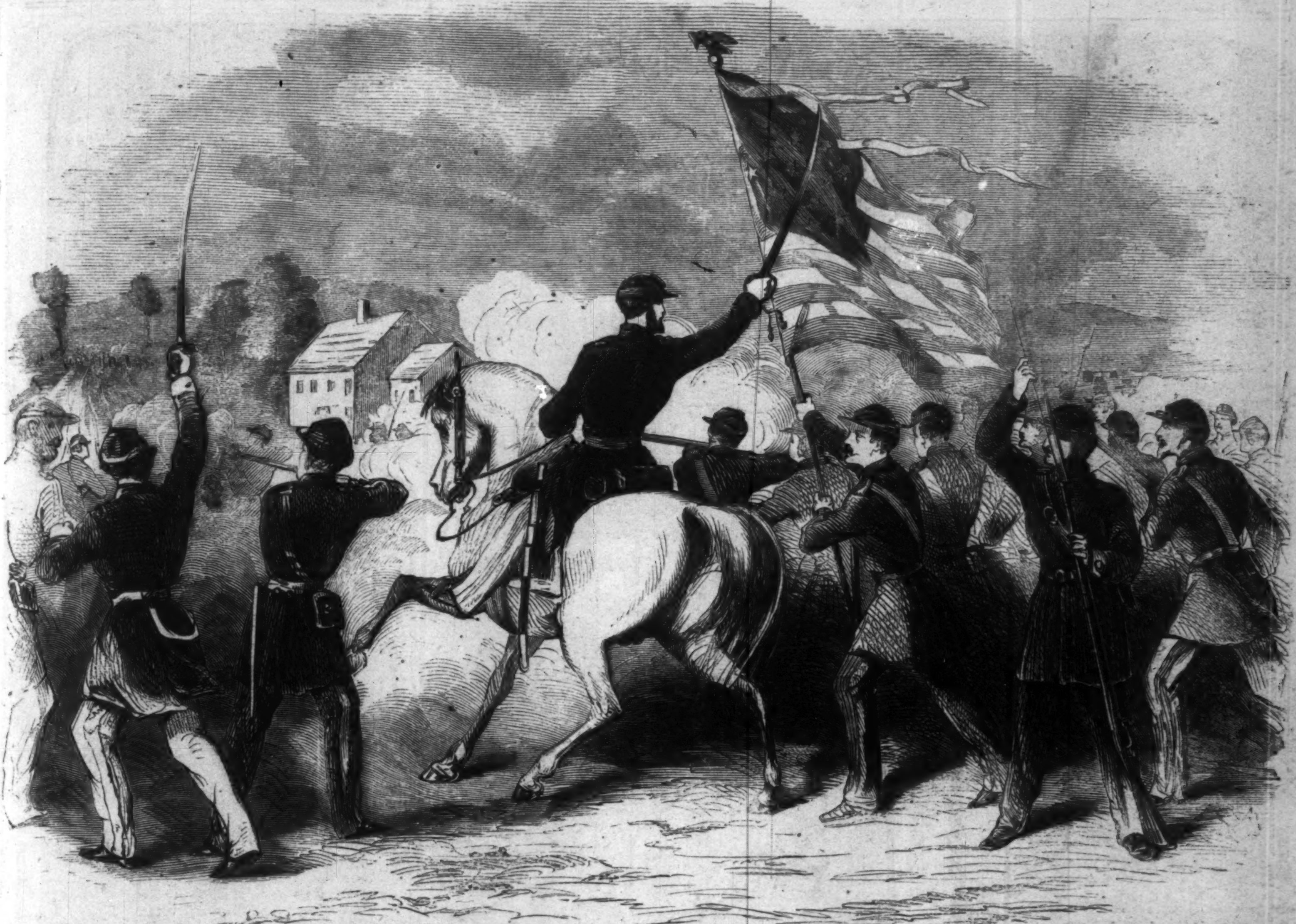

Rangers Foraging
Head Quarters of Gen. Patterson at Martinsburg.
Secession-camp
Council of War.
Skirmish at Hoke's Run
Escape of Rebel Picket
Gen. Cadwallader's quarters at Hoke's Run.
Caring for the Wounded

CAMP LIFE WITH GENERAL WILLIAMS.—Sketched by our Artist on his Staff.—[See Page 471.]



BATTLE OF HOKE'S RUN—COL. STARKWEATHER WITH HIS WISCONSIN REGIMENT DEPLOYING AS SKIRMISHERS.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 471.]

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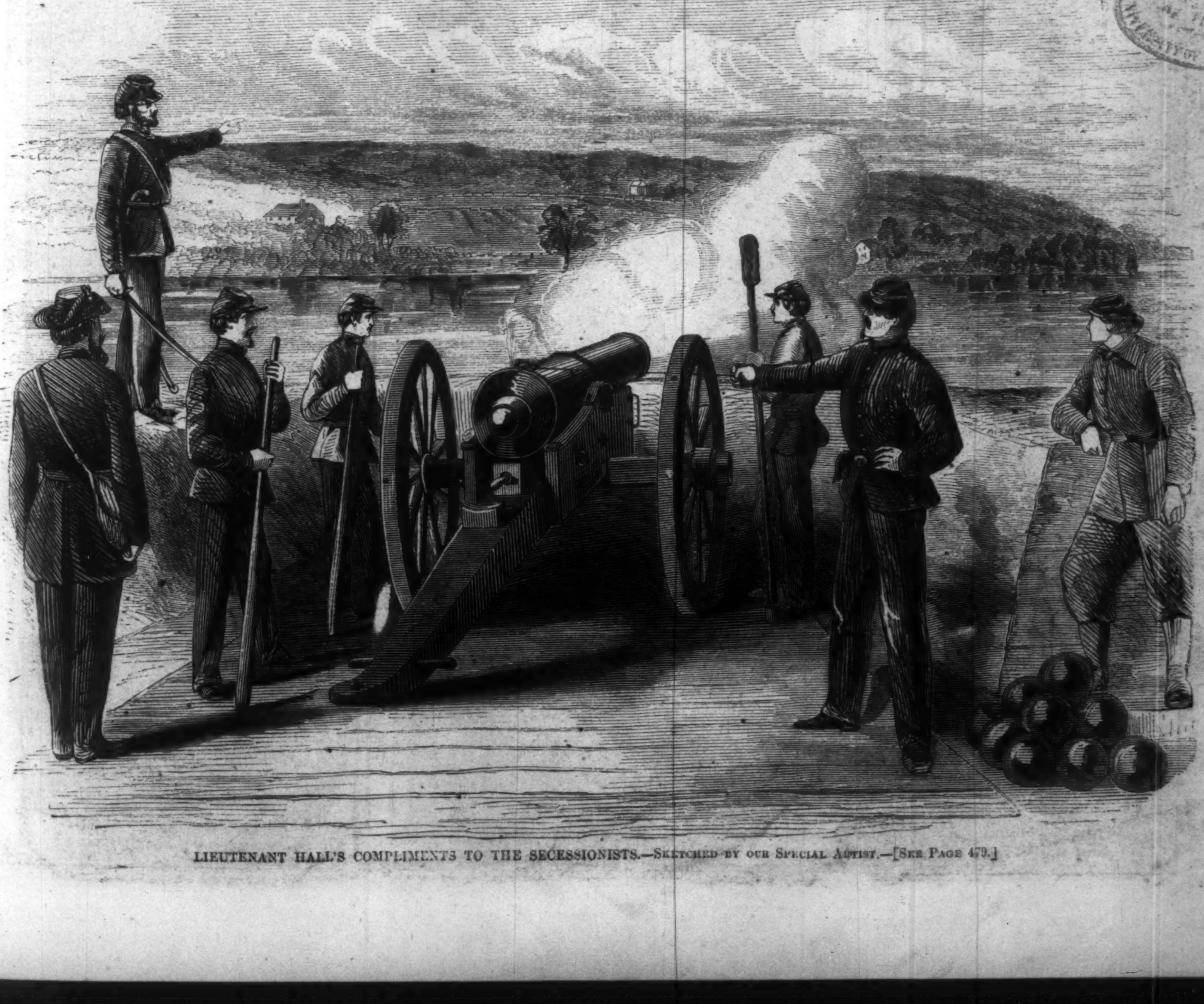
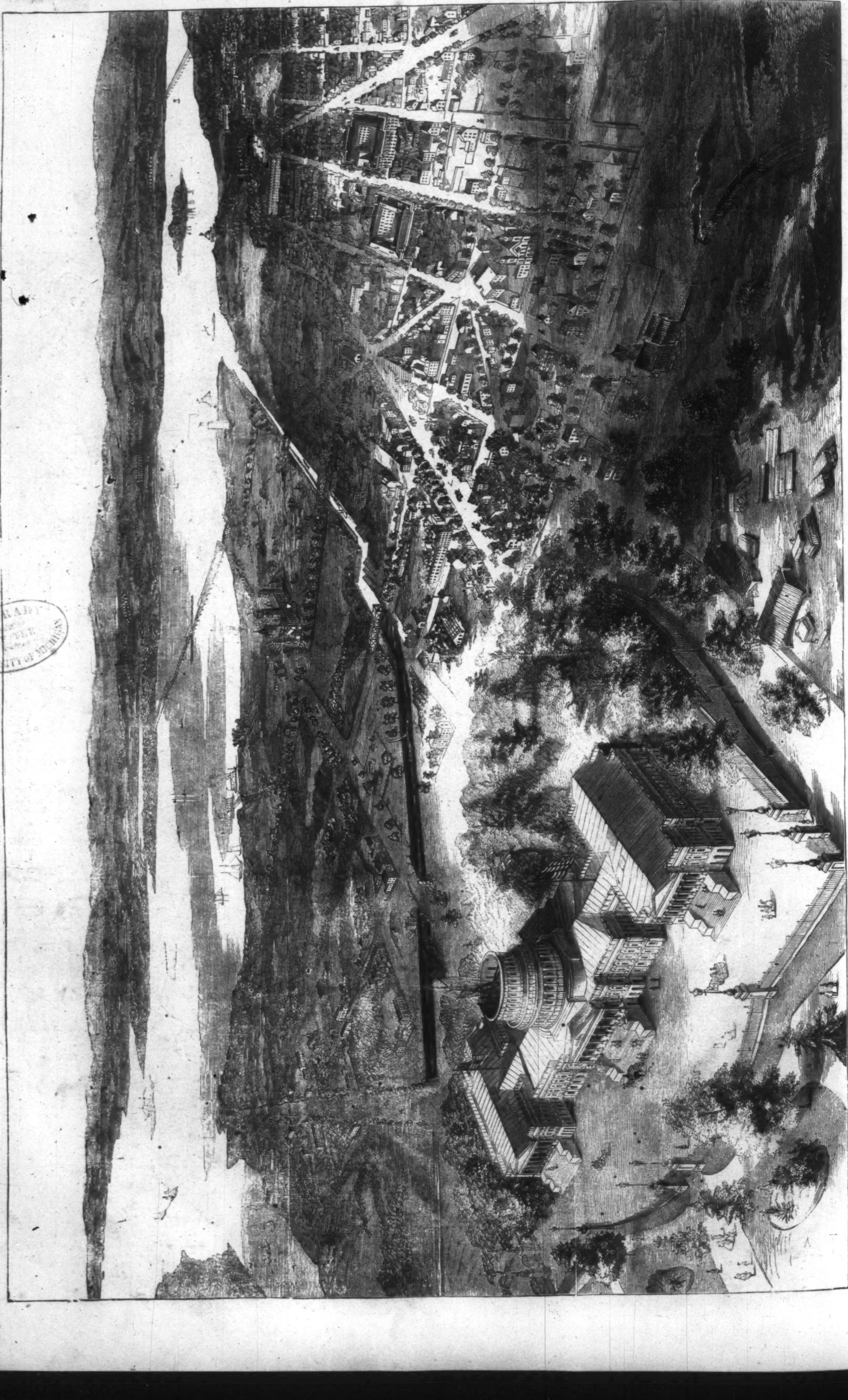


LIEUTENANT HALL'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE SECESSIONISTS.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 479.]



BALLOON VIEW OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

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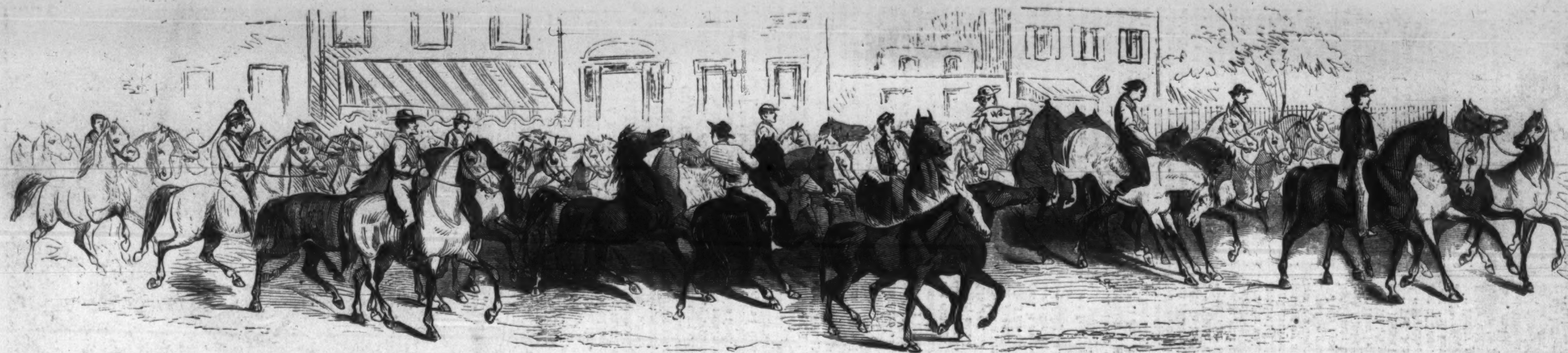
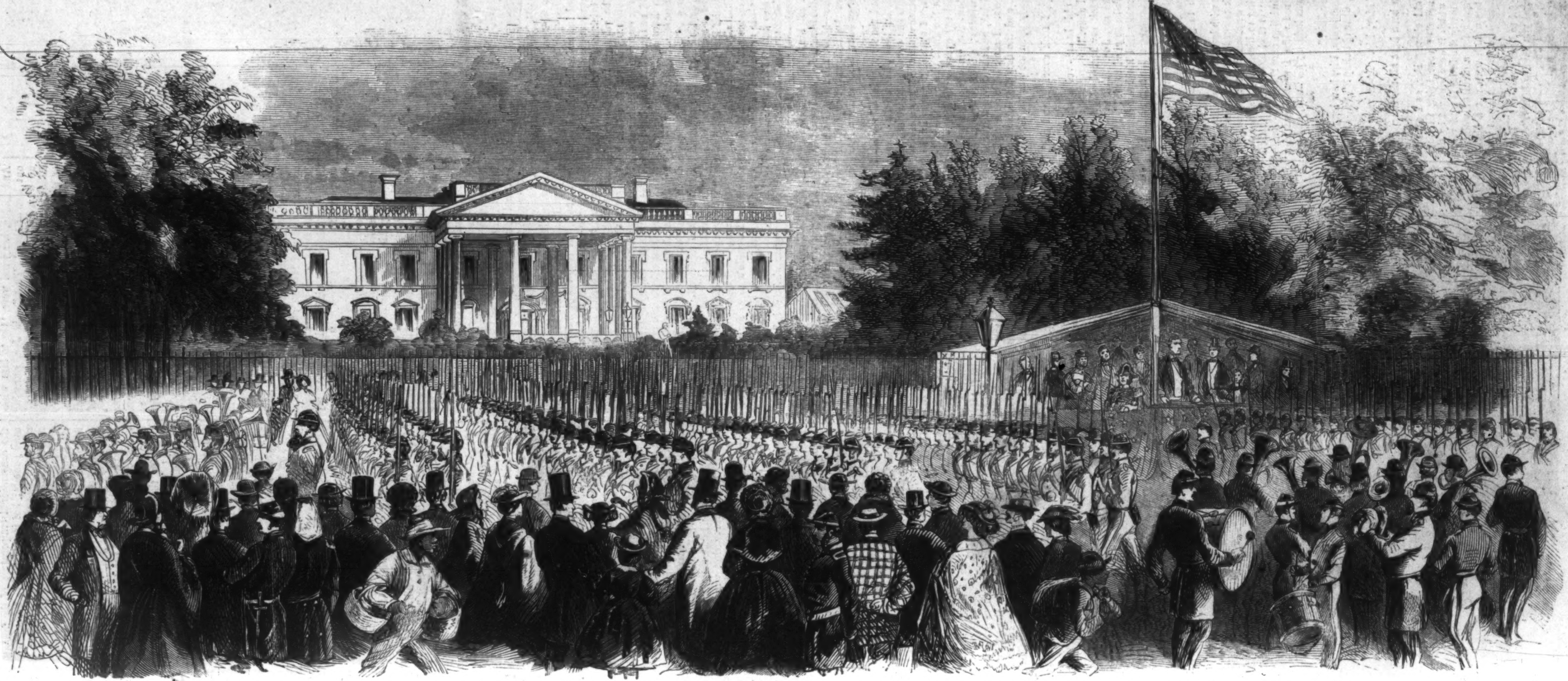
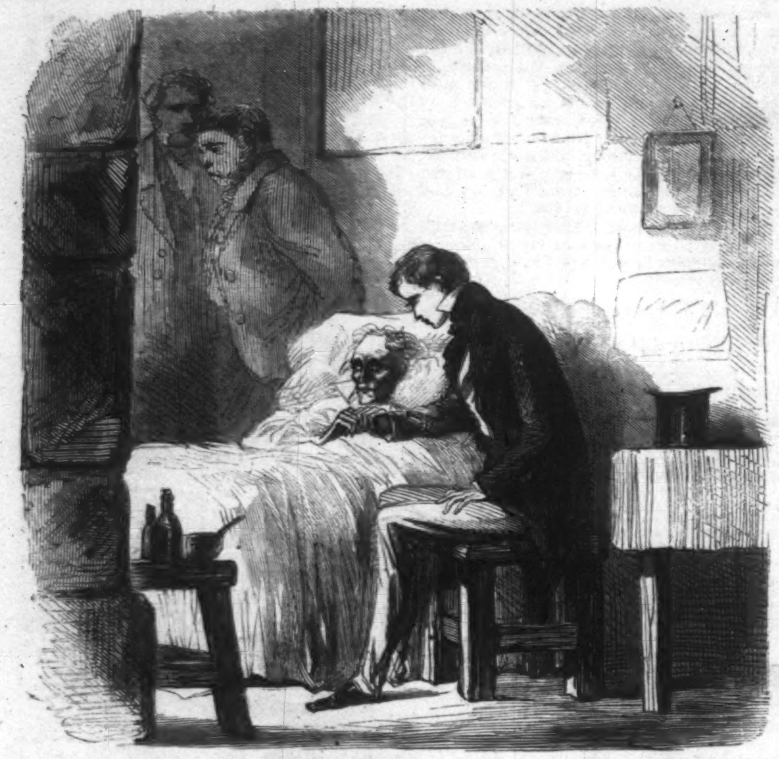


ARRIVAL OF HORSES AT WASHINGTON FOR THE ARMY.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK TROOPS AT WASHINGTON, BY GENERAL SANDFORD, IN PRESENCE OF THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET, JULY 4, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 479.]



"THE PLACID LOOK AT THE WHITE CEILING CAME BACK, AND PASSED AWAY, AND HIS HEAD DROPPED QUIETLY ON HIS BREAST."—*See preceding Chapter.*

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LVI.

Now that I was left wholly to myself, I gave notice of my intention to quit the chambers in the Temple as soon as my tenancy could legally determine, and in the mean while to underlet them. At once I put bills up in the windows; for I was in debt, and had scarcely any money, and began to be seriously alarmed by the state of my affairs. I ought rather to write that I should have been alarmed if I had had energy and concentration enough to help me to the clear perception of any truth beyond the fact that I was falling very ill. The late stress upon me had enabled me to put off illness, but not to put it away; I knew that it was coming on me now, and I knew very little else, and was even careless as to that.

For a day or two I lay on the sofa or on the floor—any where according as I happened to sink down—with a heavy head and aching limbs, and no purpose and no power. Then there came one night which appeared of great duration, and which teemed with anxiety and horror; and when in the morning I tried to sit up in my bed and think of it I found I could not do so.

Whether I really had been down in the Court in the dead of the night, groping about for the boat that I supposed to be there; whether I had two or three times come to myself on the staircase, with great terror, not knowing how I had got out of bed; whether I had found myself lighting the lamp, possessed by the idea that he was coming up the stairs, and that the lights were blown out; whether I had been inexpressibly harassed by the distracted talking, laughing, and groaning of some one, and had half suspected those sounds to be of my own making; whether there had been a closed iron furnace in a dark corner of the room, and a voice had called out over and over again that Miss Havisham was consuming within it; these were things that I tried to settle with myself and get into some order, as I lay that morning on my bed. But the vapor of a lime-kiln would come between me and them, disordering them all, and it was through the vapor at last that I saw two men looking at me.

"What do you want?" I asked, starting; "I don't know you."

"Well, Sir," returned one of them, bending down and touching me on the shoulder, "this is a matter that you'll soon arrange, I dare say, but you're arrested."

"What is the debt?"

"Hundred and twenty-three pound, fifteen, six. Jeweler's account, I think."

"What is to be done?"

"You had better come to my house," said the man. "I keep a very nice house."

I made some attempt to get up and dress myself. When I next attended to them they were standing a little off from the bed, looking at me. I still lay there.

"You see my state," said I. "I would come with you if I could; but indeed I am quite unable. If you take me from here I think I shall die by the way."

Perhaps they replied, or argued the point, or tried to encourage me to believe that I was better than I thought. Forasmuch as they hang in my memory by only this one slender thread, I don't know what they did, except that they forbore to remove me.

That I had a fever and was avoided; that I suffered greatly; that I often lost my reason; that the time seemed interminable; that I confounded impossible existences with my own identity; that I was a brick in the house-wall, and yet entreating to be released from the giddy place where the builders had set me; that I was a steel beam of a vast engine, clashing and whirling over a gulf, and yet that I implored in my own person to have the engine stopped, and my part in it hammered off; that I passed through these phases of disease I know of my own remembrance, and did in some sort know at the time. That I sometimes struggled with real people, in the belief that they were murderers, and that I would all at once comprehend that they meant to do me good, and would then sink exhausted in their arms, and suffer them to lay me down, I also knew at the time. But, above all, I knew that there was a constant tendency in all these people—who, when I was very ill, would present all kinds of extraordinary transformations of the human face, and would be much dilated in size—above all, I say, I knew that there was an extraordinary tendency in all these people, sooner or later, to settle down into the likeness of Joe.

After I had turned the worst point of my illness, I began to notice that while all its other features changed this one consistent feature did not change. Whoever came about me still settled down into Joe. I opened my eyes in the night, and I saw in the great chair at the bedside Joe. I opened my eyes in the day, and, sitting on the window-seat, smoking his pipe in the shaded open window, still I saw Joe. I asked for cooling drink, and the dear hand that gave it me was Joe's. I sank back on my pillow after drinking, and the face that looked so hopefully and tenderly upon me was the face of Joe.

At last, one day, I took courage, and said, "*Is* it Joe?"

And the dear old home-voice answered, "Which it air, old chap."

"O Joe, you break my heart! Look angry at me, Joe. Strike me, Joe. Tell me of my ingratitude. Don't be so good to me!"

For Joe had actually laid his head down on the pillow at my side and put his arm round my neck in his joy that I knew him.

"Which dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe, "you and me was ever friends. And when you're well enough to go out for a ride—what larks!"

After which Joe withdrew to the window, and stood with his back toward me wiping his eyes. And as my extreme weakness prevented me from getting up and going to him, I lay there, penitently whispering, "O God bless him! O God bless this gentle Christian man!"

Joe's eyes were red when I next found him beside me; but I was holding his hand, and we both felt happy.

"How long, dear Joe?"

"Which you meantersay, Pip, how long have your illness lasted, dear old chap?"

"Yes, Joe."

"It's the end of May, Pip. To-morrow is the first of June."

"And have you been here all the time, dear Joe?"

"Pretty nigh, old chap. For, as I says to Biddy when the news of your being ill were brought by letter, which it were brought by the post, and being formerly single he is now married though underpaid for a deal of walking and shoe-leather, but wealth were not a object on his part, and marriage were the great wish of his hart—"

"It is so delightful to hear you, Joe! But I interrupt you in what you said to Biddy."

"Which it were," said Joe, "that how you might be among strangers, and that how you and me having been ever friends, a wisit at such a moment might not prove unacceptabobble. And Biddy, her word were, 'Go to him without loss of time.' That," said Joe, summing up with his judicial air, "were the word of Biddy. 'Go to him,' Biddy say, 'without loss of time.' In short, I shouldn't greatly deceive you," Joe added, after a little grave reflection, "if I represented to you that the word of that young woman were, 'without a minute's loss of time.'"

There Joe cut himself short, and informed me that I was to be talked to in great moderation, and that I was to take a little nourishment at stated frequent times, whether I felt inclined for it or not, and that I was to submit myself to all his orders. So I kissed his hand and lay quiet, while he proceeded to indite a note to Biddy, with my love in it.

Evidently Biddy had taught Joe to write. As I lay in bed looking at him, it made me, in my weak state, cry again with pleasure to see the pride with which he set about his letter. My bedstead, divested of its curtains, had been removed, with me upon it, into the sitting-room, as the airiest and largest, and the carpet had been taken away, and the room kept always fresh and wholesome night and day. At my own writing-table, pushed into a corner and cumbered with little bottles, Joe now sat down to his great work, first choosing a pen from the pen-tray as if it were a chest of large tools, and tucking up his sleeves as if he were going to wield a crow-bar or sledge-hammer. It was necessary for Joe to hold on heavily to the table with his left elbow, and to get his right leg well out behind him, before he could begin, and when he did begin he made every down-stroke so slowly that it might have been six feet long, while at every up-stroke I could hear his pen spluttering extensively. He had a curious idea that the inkstand was on the side of him where it was not, and constantly dipped his pen into space, and seemed quite satisfied with the result. Occasionally he was tripped up by some orthographical stumbling-block, but on the whole he got on very well indeed, and when he had signed his name, and had removed a finishing blot from the paper to the crown of his head with his two forefingers, he got up and hovered about the table, trying the effect of his performance from various points of view, as it lay there, with unbounded satisfaction.

Not to make Joe uneasy by talking too much, even if I had been able to talk much, I deferred asking him about Miss Havisham until next day. He shook his head when I then asked him if she had recovered.

"Is she dead, Joe?"

"Why, you see, old chap," said Joe, in a tone of remonstrance, and by way of getting at it by degrees, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that, for that's a deal to say; but she ain't—"

"Living, Joe?"

"That's nigher where it is," said Joe; "she ain't living."

"Did she linger long, Joe?"

"Arter you was took ill, pretty much about what you might call (if you was put to it) a week," said Joe, still determined, on my account, to come at every thing by degrees.

"Dear Joe, have you heard what becomes of her property?"

"Well, old chap," said Joe, "it do appear that she had settled the most of it, which I meantersay tied it up, on Miss Estella. But she had wrote out a little coddleshell in her own hand a day or two afore the accident, leaving a cool four thousand to Mr. Matthew Pocket. And why, do you suppose, above all things, Pip, she left that cool four thousand unto him? 'Because of Pip's account of him the said Matthew.' I am told by Biddy that air the writing," said Joe, repeating the legal term as if it did him infinite good, "'account of him the said Matthew.' And a cool four thousand, Pip!"

I never discovered from whom Joe derived the conventional temperature of the four thousand pounds; but it appeared to make the sum of money more to him, and he had a manifest relish in insisting on its being cool.

This account gave me great joy, as it perfected the only good thing I had done since I left the forge. I asked Joe whether he had heard if any of the other relations had any legacies?

"Miss Sarah," said Joe, "she have twenty-five pound perannium fur to buy pills, on account of being bilious. Miss Georgiana, she have twenty pound down. Mrs.—what's the name of them wild beasts with humps, old chap?"

"Camels?" said I, wondering why he could possibly want to know.

Joe nodded. "Mrs. Camels," by which I presently understood he meant Camilla, "she have five pound fur to buy rush-lights to put her in spirits when she wake up in the night."

The accuracy of these recitals was sufficiently obvious to me to give me great confidence in Joe's information. "And now," said Joe, "you ain't that strong yet, old chap, that you can take in more nor one additional shovelful to-day. Old Orlick he's been a bustin' open a dwelling-ouse."

"Whose?" said I.

"Well! Not but what his manners is given to blusterous," said Joe, apologetically; "still a Englishman's ouse is his Castle, and castles must not be busted 'cept when done in war time. And wotsume'er the failings on his part, he were a corn and seedsman in his hart."

"Is it Pumblechook's house that has been broken into, then?"

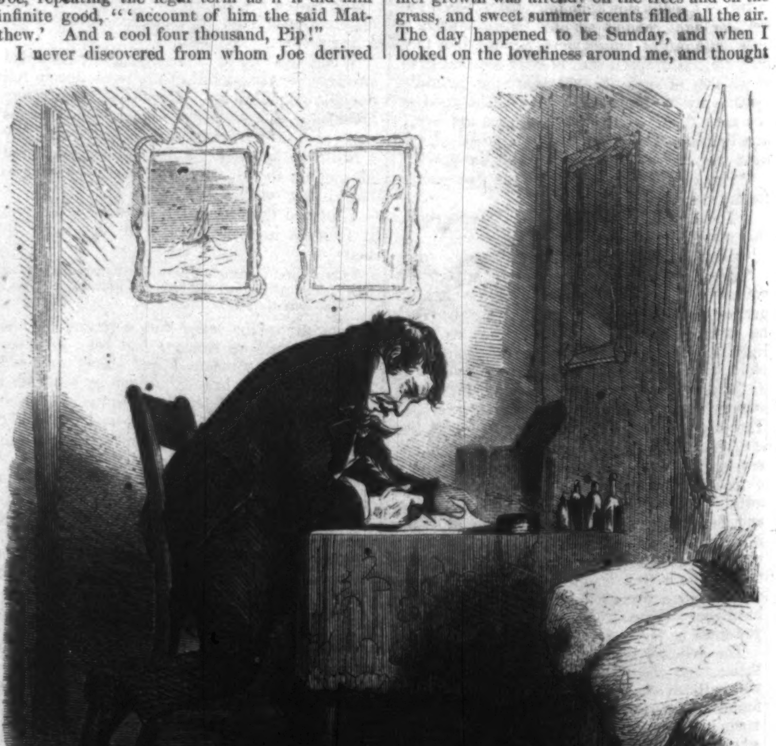
"That's it, Pip," said Joe; "and they took his till, and they took his cash-box, and they drinked his wine, and they partook of his wittles, and they slapped his face, and they pulled his nose, and they tied him up to his bedpust, and they giv' him a dozen, and they stuffed his mouth full of flowering annuals to prewent his crying out. But he knowed Orlick, and Orlick's in the county jail."

By these approaches we arrived at unrestricted conversation. I was slow to gain strength, but I did slowly and surely become less weak, and Joe staid with me, and I fancied I was little Pip again.

For the tenderness of Joe was so beautifully proportioned to my need, that I was like a child in his hands. He would sit and talk to me in the old confidence, and with the old simplicity, and in the old unassertive protecting way, so that I would half believe that all my life since the days of the old kitchen was one of the mental troubles of the fever that was gone. He did every thing for me except the household work, for which he had engaged a very decent woman, after paying off the laundress on his first arrival. "Which I do assure you, Pip," he would often say, in explanation of that liberty, "I found her a tapping the spare bed, like a cask of beer, and drawing off the feathers in a bucket for sale. Which she would have tapped yourn next and draw'd it off with you a laying on it, and was then a carrying away the coals gradiwally in the soup-tureen and wegetable-dishes, and the wine and spirits in your Wellington boots."

We looked forward to the day when I should go out for a ride, as we had once looked forward to the day of my apprenticeship. And when the day came, and an open carriage was got into the Lane, Joe wrapped me up, took me in his arms, carried me down to it, and put me in, as if I were still the small helpless creature to whom he had so abundantly given of the wealth of his great nature.

And Joe got in beside me, and we drove away together into the country, where the rich summer growth was already on the trees and on the grass, and sweet summer scents filled all the air. The day happened to be Sunday, and when I looked on the loveliness around me, and thought



"JOE NOW SAT DOWN TO HIS GREAT WORK," ETC.

how it had grown and changed, and how the little wild flowers had been forming, and the voices of the birds had been strengthening, by day and by night, under the sun and under the stars, while poor I lay burning and tossing on my bed, the mere remembrance of having burned and tossed there came like a check upon my peace. But when I heard the Sunday bells, and looked around a little more upon the outspread beauty, I felt that I was not nearly thankful enough—that I was too weak yet to be even that—and I laid my head on Joe's shoulder, as I had laid it long ago when he had taken me to the Fair or where not, and it was too much for my young senses.

More composure came to me after a while, and we talked as we used to talk, lying on the grass at the old Battery. There was no change whatever in Joe. Exactly what he had been in my eyes then he was in my eyes still; just as simply faithful, and as simply right.

When we got back again and he lifted me out and carried me—so easily—across the court and up the stairs, I thought of that eventful Christmas Day when he had carried me over the marshes. We had not yet made any allusion to my change of fortune, nor did I know how much of my late history he was acquainted with. I was so doubtful of myself now, and put so much trust in him, that I could not satisfy myself whether I ought to refer to it when he did not.

"Have you heard, Joe," I asked him that evening, upon further consideration, as he smoked his pipe at the window, "who my patron was?'

"I heerd," returned Joe, "as it were not Miss Havisham, old chap."

"Did you hear who it was, Joe?"

"Well! I heerd as it were a person what sent the person what giv' you the bank-notes at the Jolly Bargemen, Pip."

"So it was."

"Astonishing!" said Joe, in the placidest way.

"Did you hear that he was dead, Joe?" I presently asked, with increasing diffidence.

"Which? Him as sent the bank-notes, Pip?"

"Yes."

"I think," said Joe, after meditating a long time, and looking rather evasively at the window-seat, "as I *did* hear tell that how he were something or another in a general way in that direction."

"Did you hear any thing of his circumstances, Joe?"

"Not partickler, Pip."

"If you would like to hear, Joe—" I was beginning, when Joe got up and came to my sofa.

"Lookee here, old chap," said Joe, bending over me. "Ever the best of friends; ain't us, Pip?"

I was ashamed to answer him.

"Wery good, then," said Joe, as if I *had* answered; "that's all right; that's agreed upon. Then why go into subjects, old chap, which as betwixt two sech must be forever onnecessary? There's subjects enough as betwixt two sech, without onnecessary ones. Lord! To think of your poor sister and her Rampages! And don't you remember Tickler?"

"I do indeed, Joe."

"Lookee here, old chap," said Joe. "I done what I could to keep you and Tickler in sunders, but my power were not always fully equal to my inclinations. For when your poor sister had a mind to drop into you, it were not so much," said Joe, in his favorite argumentative way, "that she dropped into me too, if I put myself in opposition to her, but that she dropped into you always heavier for it. I noticed that. It ain't a grab at a man's whisker, nor yet a shake or two of a man (to which your sister was quite welcome) that 'ud put a man off from getting a little child out of punishment. But when that little child is dropped into heavier for that grab of whisker or shaking, then that man naterally up and says to himself, 'Where is the good as you are a doing? I grant you I see the arm,' says the man, 'but I don't see the good. I call upon you, Sir, theerfore, to pint out the good.'"

"The man says," I observed, as Joe waited for me to speak.

"The man says," Joe assented. "Is he right, that man?"

"Dear Joe, he is always right."

"Well, old chap," said Joe, "then abide by your words. If he's always right (which in general he's more likely wrong), he's right when he says this: Supposing ever you kep' any little matter to yourself when you was a little child, you kep' it mostly because you know'd as J. Gargery's power to part you and Tickler in sunders were not fully equal to his inclinations. Theerfore, think no more of it as betwixt two sech, and do not let us pass remarks upon onnecessary subjects. Biddy giv' herself a deal o' trouble with me afore I left (for I am most awful dull), as I should view it in this light, and viewing it in this light, as I should so put it. Both of which," said Joe, quite charmed with his logical arrangement, "being done, now this to you a true friend, say. Namely. You mustn't go a over-doing on it, but you must have your supper and your wine and water, and you must be put betwixt the sheets."

The delicacy with which Joe dismissed this theme, and the sweet tact and kindness with which Biddy—who with her woman's wit had found me out so soon—had prepared him for it, made a deep impression on my mind. But whether Joe knew how poor I was, and how my great expectations had all dissolved, like our own marsh mists before the sun, I could not understand.

Another thing in Joe that I could not understand when it first began to develop itself, but which I soon arrived at a sorrowful comprehension of, was this: As I became stronger and better Joe became a little less easy with me. In my weakness and entire dependence on him the dear fellow had fallen into the old tone, and called me by the old names, the dear "old Pip, old chap," that now were music in my ears. I too had fallen into the old ways, only happy and thankful that he let me. But, imperceptibly, though I held by them fast, Joe's hold upon them began to slacken; and whereas I wondered at this at first, I soon began to understand that the cause of it was in me, and that the fault of it was all mine.

Alas! Had I given Joe no reason to doubt my constancy, and to think that in prosperity I should grow cold to him and cast him off? Had I given Joe's innocent heart no cause to feel instinctively that as I got stronger his hold upon me would be weaker, and that he had better loosen it in time and let me go before I plucked myself away?

It was on the third or fourth occasion of my going out walking in the Temple Gardens leaning on Joe's arm that I saw this change in him very plainly. We had been sitting in the bright warm sunlight, looking at the river, and I chanced to say as we got up:

"See, Joe! I can walk quite strongly. Now you shall see me walk back by myself."

"Which do not overdo it, Pip," said Joe; "but I shall be happy for to see you able, Sir."

The last word grated on me; but how could I remonstrate! I walked no further than the gate of the gardens, and then pretended to be weaker than I was, and asked Joe for his arm. Joe gave it me, but was thoughtful.

I, for my part, was thoughtful too; for how best to check this growing change in Joe was a great perplexity to my remorseful thoughts. That I was ashamed to tell him exactly how I was placed, and what I had come down to, I do not seek to conceal; but I hope my reluctance was not quite an unworthy one. He would want to help me out of his little savings, I knew, and I knew that he ought not to help me, and that I must not suffer him to do it.

It was a thoughtful evening with both of us. But before we went to bed I had resolved that I would wait over to-morrow, to-morrow being Sunday, and would begin my new course with the new week. On Monday morning I would speak to Joe about this change; I would lay aside this last vestige of reserve; I would tell him what I had in my thoughts (that Secondly, not yet arrived at), and why I had not decided to go out to Herbert, and then the change would be conquered forever. As I cleared Joe cleared, and it seemed as though he had sympathetically arrived at a resolution too.

We had a quiet day on the Sunday, and we rode out into the country, and then walked in the fields.

"I feel thankful that I have been ill, Joe," I said.

"Dear old Pip, old chap, you're a'most come round, Sir."

"It has been a memorable time for me, Joe."

"Likeways for myself, Sir," Joe returned.

"We have had a time together, Joe, that I can never forget. There were days once, I know, that I did for a while forget; but I never shall forget these."

"Pip," said Joe, appearing a little hurried and troubled, "there has been larks. And, dear Sir, what has been betwixt us—have been."

At night, when I had gone to bed, Joe came into my room, as he had done all through my recovery. He asked me if I felt sure that I was as well as in the morning?

"Yes, dear Joe, quite."

"And are always a getting stronger, old chap?"

"Yes, dear Joe, steadily."

Joe patted the coverlet on my shoulder with his great good hand, and said, in what I thought a husky voice, "Good-night!"

When I got up in the morning, refreshed and stronger yet, I was full of my resolution to tell Joe all, without delay. I would tell him before breakfast. I would dress at once and go to his room and surprise him; for it was the first day I had been up early. I went to his room, and he was not there. Not only was he not there, but his box was gone.

I hurried then to the breakfast-table, and on it found a letter. These were its brief contents.

> "Not wishful to intrude I have departured fur you are well again dear Pip and will do better without. Jo.
>
> "P.S. Ever the best of friends."

Inclosed in the letter was a receipt for the debt and costs on which I had been arrested. Down to that moment I had vainly supposed that my creditor had withdrawn or suspended proceedings until I should be quite recovered. I had never dreamed of Joe's having paid the money; but Joe had paid it, and the receipt was in his name.

What remained for me now but to follow him to the dear old forge, and there to have out my disclosure to him, and my penitent remonstrance with him, there to relieve my mind and heart of that reserved Secondly, which had began as a vague something lingering in my thoughts, and had formed into a settled purpose?

The purpose was, that I would go to Biddy, that I would show her how humbled and repentant I came back, that I would tell her how I had lost all I once hoped for, that I would remind her of our old confidences in my first unhappy time. Then I would say to her, "Biddy, I think you once liked me very well, when my errant heart, even while it strayed away from you, was quieter and better with you than it ever has been since. If you can like me only half as well once more, if you can take me with all my faults and disappointments on my head, if you can receive me like a forgiven child (and indeed I am as sorry, Biddy, and have as much need of a hushing voice and a soothing hand), I hope I am a little worthier of you than I was—not much, but a little. And, Biddy, it shall rest with you to say whether I shall work at the forge with Joe, or whether I shall try for any different occupation down in this country, or whether we shall go away to a distant place where an opportunity awaits me, which I set aside, when it was offered, until I knew your answer. And now, dear Biddy, if you can tell me that you will go through the world with me, you will surely make it a better world for me, and me a better man for it, and I will try hard to make it a better world for you."

Such was my purpose. After three days more of recovery I went down to the old place to put it in execution; and how I sped in it, is all I have left to tell.

THE FOURTH IN WASHINGTON.

On page 477 we publish an engraving, from a sketch by our special artist, of the Grand Review of New York Troops at Washington on 4th July. A correspondent thus describes it:

The parade of twenty thousand New York troops, under command of General Sandford, previously announced, came off in the morning according to programme. A stand was erected on the sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the White House, which was occupied by the President, several members of the Cabinet, General Scott, and various Major and Brigadier Generals.

The military filed by in the following order:

FIRST BRIGADE.	
Eighth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Blenker.
Twelfth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Walrath.
Fourteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. M'Quade.
Fifteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Murphy.
Sixteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Davies.
Seventeenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Lansing
SECOND BRIGADE.	
Eighteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Jackson.
Nineteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Clark.
Twenty-first Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Rogers.
Twenty-second Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Phelps.
Twenty-sixth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Christian.
Twenty-ninth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Von Steinwehr.
THIRD BRIGADE.	
Twenty-eighth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Donnelly.
Thirtieth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Frisby
Thirty-first Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. C. C. Pratt.
Thirty-second Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Matheson.
Thirty-seventh Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. M'Cunn.
Thirty-eighth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Ward.
Garibaldi Guard Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. D'Utassi.
FOURTH BRIGADE.	
Fifth Regiment N. Y. State Militia	Col. Schwarzwaelder.
Twelfth Regiment N. Y. State Militia	Col. Butterfield.
Seventy-ninth Regiment N. Y. State Militia	Col. Cameron.
Seventy-first Regiment N. Y. State Militia	Col. Martin.

The troops having passed in review, the crowd immediately surrounded the platform, when loud calls being made for General Scott,

President Lincoln came forward and said:

Fellow-citizens—I trust you will not blame me to-day for standing in front. It is a sort of rule that constrains me to do so. I know that a sight of your noble and gallant and revered General Scott would be more gratifying to you than a speech from me. I take great pleasure, therefore, in introducing that distinguished gentleman to you.

General Scott then came forward, when he was cheered with the most deafening applause. The old General, the bulwark of the nation on this threatened time of demolition, bowed his acknowledgments to the enthusiastic people below him, and his eyes met the upturned gaze of the vast crowd and marked the fervor of their feelings in eyes that gleamed with grateful emotion, and on shouts that proclaimed a people's thanks for peace preserved and a Union saved. He must have felt rewarded for the great services he has and is still rendering to the country. Cheer after cheer followed, and it was only when the aged chieftain bowed and retired among his friends, leaving the front of the platform clear, that a partial calm was restored.

THE WAR ON THE POTOMAC.

We publish on page 475 an engraving from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, entitled, "Lieutenant Hall's Compliments to the Secessionists." We need hardly explain that it represents the experimental firing of a field-piece across the Potomac at some of the fellows who have lately been amusing themselves by shooting our sentinels and pickets. Lieutenant Hall is, we believe, the officer of that name who formed part of the Sumter garrison under Major Anderson.

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